

# CHANDAMAMA

DECEMBER 1994

Rs. 5.00



Turn to Page  
19 for "Adventures  
of Ulysses"



HOW DOES THE  
WORLD  
LOOK  
ULTRA-PULTA?



## SUPER M IS NEW WRESTLING CHAMPION

By our special correspondent  
Bombay, November 1994: "Ha !  
finally he's tasted my super-  
strength", roared Super M  
after he pinned Slippery  
Sultan to the mat for a 3 count

to become the new Wrestling  
Champion. He victoriously  
pulled out a pack of Super  
Milk biscuits and crunched  
into one. With a wink he told  
his fans, "Luckily he didn't

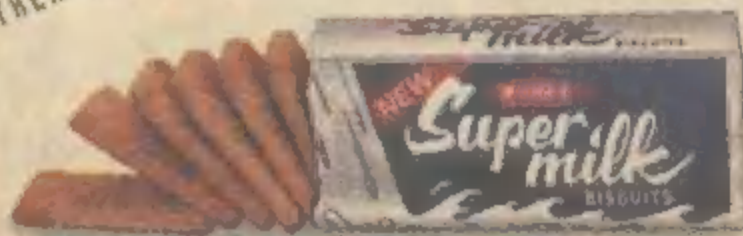
know about Super Milk's  
super strength and super taste.  
Or else..." and he winked  
again. He continued, "Next  
time he better be prepared...  
Challenge Ke Saath!"

CHALLENGE KE SAATH!



PARLE

SUPER STRENGTH. SUPER TASTE. SUPER MILK BISCUITS.



everest/94/ppp/139





# The Adventures of Tina, the Calcium Kid. "Native Strength"

Tina is the smartest girl in class.

One day... an outing, with the School Nature Club.

It's a long hike through the forests. Teacher names several birds and butterflies along the way.

Suddenly...

They are surrounded.

"Tie them to the stakes! Have them ready for the cooking pot tomorrow."

The exciting nature trek has turned into a horrible dream.

But Tina has an idea!

After her own hands are untied...

"Don't thank me, friends. Thank Parle Prudent, for giving me my strength!"

"Like any good mother, I give Tina only Parle Prudent Calcium<sup>++</sup>. It replaces the calcium her teeth lose daily. Makes them strong, and gives her confidence to face the day!"



**Exciting Free Gift!!**

Hey friends, rush us the flap of a 200 gm Parle Prudent Calcium<sup>++</sup> pack (the side with the teeth drawings) with your name, birthdate, school and class, to: Parle Products Ltd, Nirlon House, Worli, Bombay 400 025.



# BAND-AID®

## Funtest

Two Funsticks\* free  
with every Band-Aid  
Funtest pack

Dr. Quack

Chimpoo

Punter

Hooter

Tommy

Cuckoo

Rex

Elly

Pussy

**Hurry!**

**Start collecting your Funsticks\* NOW!**

*\* Perfumed plastic crayons*

#### Rules and Regulations

1. The contest is open to children between 4 and 15 years of age. Only Indian citizens are eligible.
2. Employees of Johnson & Johnson and Ogilvy & Mather and their relatives are politely declined to enter.
3. An individual can send in any number of entries.
4. Each entry must be complete. Incomplete or illegible entries will be considered invalid.
5. The last date for receiving entries is 28th February, 1995. However, the company reserves the right to extend or restrict the closing date.





# Enter the BAND-AID® Funtest

All you have to do is to paint a strip and answer a few simple questions. And a whole lot of exciting prizes are yours to be won.

Also **1000** Early Bird Prizes  
(So send in your entry today!)



**Make it a  
Funstrip**

Use your  
Imagination to  
make this Band-Aid  
a Funstrip.  
You may colour,  
draw or write on it  
to make it a real  
Funstrip.

## Tick the right answer

- What is the size of a Band-Aid Strip?  
☐ 19mm x 72mm ☐ 17mm x 70mm ☐ 21mm x 74 mm
- Only Band-Aid Strips from Johnson & Johnson are fully sterilised.  
☐ True ☐ False
- How many Band-Aid Strips (all types) are there in the Band-Aid Funtest Pack?  
☐ 20 ☐ 15 ☐ 30
- What is the effective medication on the pad of a Band-Aid called?  
☐ Boric Powder ☐ Benzalkonium Chloride ☐ Tincture Iodine
- In India, how many Walt Disney characters have appeared on Band-Aid Strips?  
☐ 4 ☐ 6 ☐ 2

Name : \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_ Sex : \_\_\_\_\_

Address : \_\_\_\_\_

School : \_\_\_\_\_

- No entry will be returned.
- Winners will be informed by post.
- The decision of the judges will be final & binding.
- Johnson & Johnson reserves the right to alter, suspend or withdraw the scheme with/without stating any reasons.
- All entry forms must be mailed by ordinary post to : The Band-Aid Funtest, C/o. DataBasics, P.O. Box 16605, Bombay 400 019



**PolioPlus**



# IMMUNIZATION AN ASSURANCE OF GOOD HEALTH TO CHILDREN

VACCINATIONS When and How Many

Age to Start Vaccination	Name of Vaccine	Name of Disease	How Many Times
Birth	BCG	Tuberculosis	Once
6 weeks	Polio	Polio	Three times with intervals of at least one month
6 weeks	DPT	Diphtheria Pertussis (Whooping Cough) Tetanus	Three times with intervals of at least one month
9 months	Measles	Measles	Once

**Babies should receive all vaccinations by the time they are twelve months old.**

Pregnant women should get themselves vaccinated against Tetanus (TT) twice—in an interval of at least one month—during the later stages of pregnancy.

**HEALTHY CHILD—NATION'S HOPE & PRIDE**

Design courtesy : World Health Organisation







*I shared my homework. And some maths.  
Did some patterns. Shared my Mortons.*



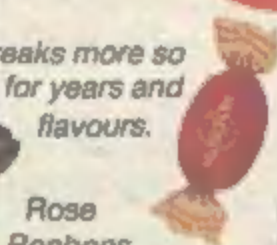
# MORTON

SWEETS

We enjoy our School share. It has been Delicious and Creamy Milk, Chocolate and and Coconut many other Um m m



days....and Lunch Breaks more so our Family's favourite for years and yummy in so many Glucose and Sugar. Coconut Cookies, Toffees, Lacto delicious treats. m m. Every bite



Rose Bonbons,

yummy delight.

with Mortons which we years. All with the goodness of


Eclairs, Supreme Chocolate Mango King and so



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# CHANDAMAMA

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## NEXT ISSUE

**Vol. 25      JANUARY 1995      No. 7**

**THE KING AND TWO MENDICANTS :** The mendicants are regular at the palace gates and the king gives them alms every day. While one praises the king for his charity, the other praises the lord above for being generous to the king. He questions the mendicant who tells him that God alone can change anyone's fate. The king is not convinced. He arranges for a test. Who's right - the mendicant or the king? An interesting story from Afghanistan.

**FORTS OF INDIA :** Pull-outs! A New Year gift for our young readers! The series starts with the Forts of India—from the Vedic to recent times. Abounding in action-packed stories, anecdotes, and the important role they played in India's history and destiny.

INTRODUCING stories contributed by children! PLUS stories from the MAHABHARATA, Adventures of ULYSSES, PANCHATANTRA and all other regular features.

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Controlling Editor :  
NAGI REDDI



Founder  
CHAKRAPANI

## *Child Labour - A Solution*

Deepavali has come and gone. Despite natural calamities and the scare of an epidemic, people generally carried on with the festivities, including fireworks which cannot be 'divorced' from the tradition of this festival.

How many among the revellers would have thought of the people who are engaged in preparing crackers and other items of fireworks? Are they aware that nearly fifty per cent of the people so engaged in this highly risky job are children below 15 years? A visit to any of the 'pockets' which prepare fireworks – like the world famous Sivakasi in Tamil Nadu – will reveal this shocking truth.

Children in India are employed for not only fireworks manufacture, but in organised sectors like carpet-weaving and manufacture of leather goods, match-boxes, and beedis – to name only a few. Such employment is classified as child labour, which has of late attracted all round criticism and a lot of hue and cry, forcing the authorities to think of ways and means to end this pernicious practice.

Employing children in labour-oriented activities is a social evil arising out of economic or financial compulsions. Where a family is subject to poverty and starvation, it necessarily has to augment its income, and like the adult members, the children too are sent out to make additional earning. Naturally, neither the children nor their parents can be blamed.

The solution to end child labour is not simple, but a beginning can be made if the economic aspect of the problem can be taken care of.

Who will take the first step?





## SOME SRI LANKAN RECORDS

When 49-year-old Mrs. Chandrika Kumaratunga took over as Prime Minister of Sri Lanka on August 19 (see *Chandamama*, October 1994), she was creating history, as the daughter of two earlier Prime Ministers. Her father, Mr. S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike, held office from 1956 till his assassination in 1959. The country then chose Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike. She was the first woman Prime Minister in the world. She ruled for two terms—from 1960 to 1965, and then from 1970 to 1977.

In less than three months, Sri Lanka again went to the polls on November 9—this time to elect a new President. Mrs. Kumaratunga, who was the candidate of the ruling People's Alliance, romped home with more than 62 per cent votes backing her. She was sworn in as President on November 12 as the first woman President of Sri Lanka.



Daughter Chandrika then elevated mother Sirimavo as Prime Minister. Mrs. Bandaranaike was Minister without Portfolio in the 22-member Kumaratunga Cabinet. She has now become Prime Minister for a record third time. Along with her, the other 21 ministers were also sworn in on November 14, with some minor changes in their portfolios.

Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike was the natural choice as leader of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, when its founder and her husband,





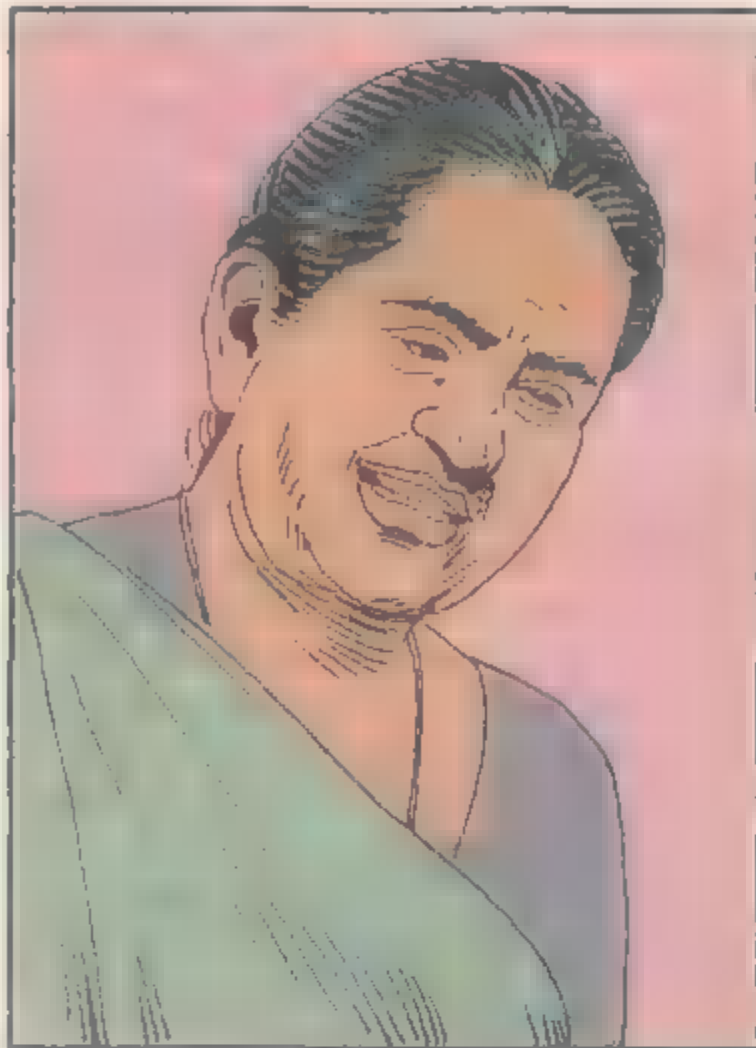
Mr. Bandaranaike, met with an untimely and sudden end in 1959. Her political career, spanning 35 years, began then. She led the party to a landslide victory in the elections held in 1960, and was chosen Prime Minister. In 1970, she headed a left-wing coalition in parliament and ruled till 1977, when the opposition United National Party registered a victory. Mr. Jayawardene became the first President to enjoy executive power under a new Constitution.

The U.N.P. was re-elected to power in the 1989 elections. Prime Minister Premadasa became President. In 1993, he fell a victim to

an assassin, and Prime Minister Wijetunge became President. Mrs. Kumaratunga has now succeeded him as the country's fourth Executive President.

By 1993, the SLFP had spearheaded some other parties to form the People's Alliance, which chose Mrs. Kumaratunga as its leader. In the provincial council elections held that year, she won in the populous western province and became the country's first woman Chief Minister.

Mrs. Chandrika Kumaratunga has already announced the decision of her party to bring about constitutional changes to abolish the presidential system of government and to revert to the parliamentary form of government. These radical changes are expected to come about next July, when she is expected to be chosen the more powerful Prime Minister, while 78-year-old Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike will be the likely choice for the post of President. Mother and daughter will thus be swapping positions in the next six or seven months. That will be one more record for Sri Lanka.



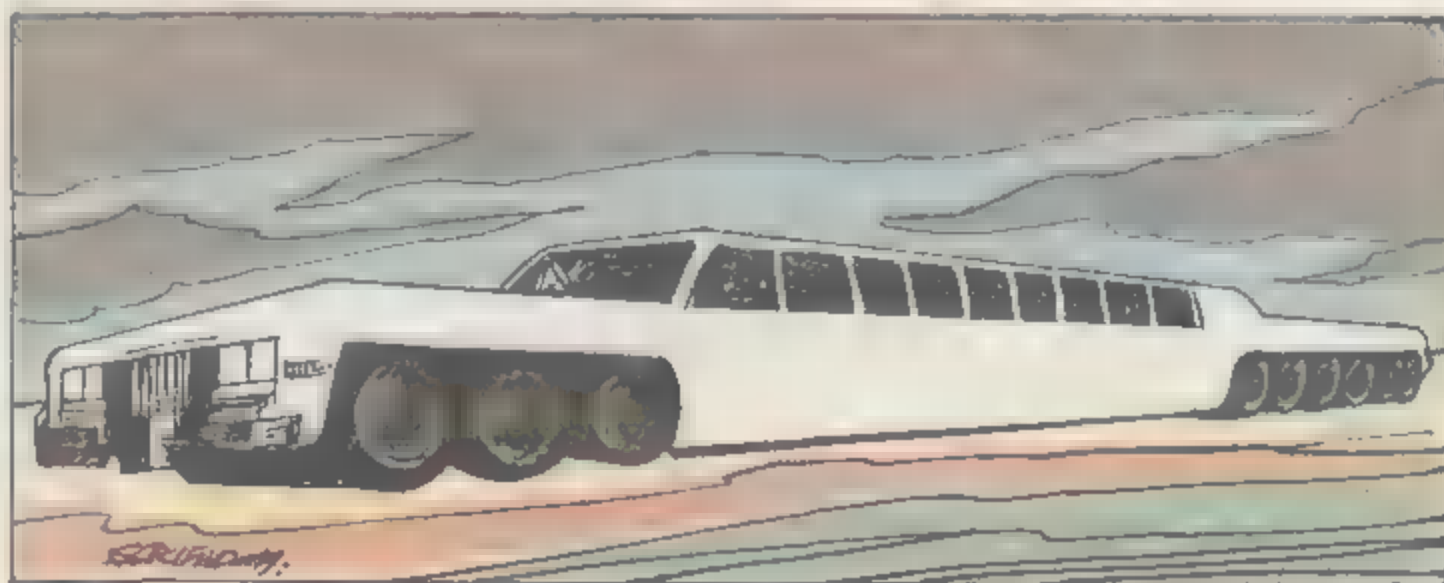


'A hard nut to crack' is a common phrase. The biggest of nuts—coconut—does not easily yield to any 'cracking'. First, the outer husk has to be removed by ■ sharp instrument—like the scythe the climbers generally carry with them. They make a slit from top to bottom, then another slit on its left and, before pulling out the knife, twists the portion of the husk between the two slits, which can then easily be pulled apart. The entire husk can thus be removed. The bare nut is now hit in the centre—equator-wise—leaving two halves with the kernel inside in your hand. Jose of Calicut, in Kerala, can remove the whole husk in ■ mere 20 seconds—with his teeth! This 32-year-old advertisement film maker has written to the publishers of the Guinness Book of Records for due recognition of his feat and ■ suitable entry. If the coconut has been allowed to dry, then the husk may come off his teeth in only 30 seconds. His fear is: Will he find "Guinness" ■ harder nut to crack?



## LONGEST CAR

The RAF Museum in London houses the longest car in the world. It is a 1982 Cadillac, 22 metres long—the average height of a 5 - storey building. It weighs more than 7 tons. The RAF had no occasion to use ■ in recent years, probably not wishing to bring to a halt the normal traffic on the roads. Moreover, there is an urgent need for space for expanding the Museum. So, what is the way out? Sell the car! That is what the Museum has decided. Any takers?







## MODERN KAMADHENI

Shyama is the name of a cow in ■ ashram, in Hardwar, but the people call her Kamadhenu—after the legendary cow which Lord Indra is believed to have kept in his Devaloka. They have a reason ■ name her like that; she has been giving milk continuously for the last eight years, with the daily yield going up to 15 litres ■ day and never giving less than six litres in ■ fluctuating cycle. In 1980, it gave birth to a calf when the yield was even 35 to 40 litres. Calves were born to her in 1982, and not afterwards, but she has not stopped her bounty. Shyama is 17 years old but there is no sign of any ageing in her. Her first born, Arti, is however, already ■ toothless thirteen! Hasn't the founder of the *ashram* not heard of Guinness?

## LONGEST SANDWICH

To keep 5,000 tables, side by side, they needed a stretch of 4.5km. The 1,500 young Peruvians did not search for that length of space: the Lima expressway was right there. It was duly taken over. When the tables were in position, they started their adventure: making the world's longest line of sandwiches! For that, they needed 10,000 loaves of bread and 6,000 kg of sardine (fish) paste. Some 20 government and private units, including the Peruvian Navy, took up the responsibility of baking the loaves and transporting them to the 'site', where the volunteers, cheered by tens of thousands of Peruvians standing on foot-bridges on either side, took less than 20 minutes to assemble ■ line of sandwiches. A representative of the Guinness Book verified the length — 4,576 yards or 2.7 miles or 4.5 km. Yes, it ■ record! The sandwiches were later donated to children in capital Lima's slums.





# PANCHATANTRA-16

YOU FAILED [REDACTED]  
YOU'VE A WAGGING  
TONGUE.



SILENCE IS ALWAYS  
GOLDEN, AND SPEECH  
BETRAYS YOU.



THAT REMINDS ME OF THE  
STORY OF A FOOLISH DON-  
KEY.

LET ME HEAR THAT  
STORY, PLEASE.



ONCE THERE LIVED A DHOBI  
IN A VILLAGE. HE HAD A  
DONKEY. IT WAS ILL-FED  
AND FEEBLE.



O GOD! HELP ME!

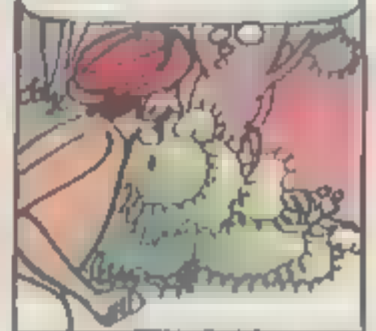


I'M STARVING AND I CAN'T  
CARRY THESE HEAVY  
LOADS ANY LONGER. GOD,  
HELP ME!



ONE DAY, HIS MASTER IS  
PASSING THROUGH A  
FOREST...

OH, A TIGER! LET ME HIDE  
HERE.



AFTER SOME TIME...

IT DOESN'T MOVE... IS IT  
DEAD? AH! I'VE [REDACTED] IDEA!

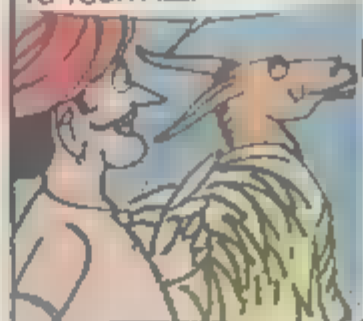


THE DHOBI REMOVES THE [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] SKIN...



... [REDACTED] TAKES [REDACTED] HOME AND  
PUTS IT ON HIS DONKEY.

DEAR FELLOW! YOU CAN  
NOW GO ABOUT GRAZING  
TO YOUR FILL!



NO ONE WILL DARE DRIVE  
YOU AWAY.



Water will flow from a well in the sand in proportion to the depth  
to which [REDACTED] [REDACTED] dug; knowledge will flow from [REDACTED] in  
proportion to his learning.

- Thirukkural

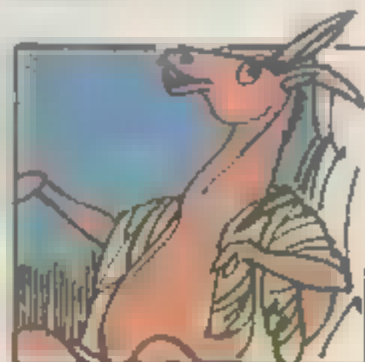


THE DONKEY BRAYS IN GLEE AND BEGINS TO TROT ABOUT FROM FIELD TO FIELD AND GRAZE AT LEISURE.

**BHAG! BHAAA!**

OH! A TIGER! HOW HUNGRY AND ~~HE~~ HE LOOKS! LET'S RUN AWAY.

THE DONKEY EATS TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT AND SOON GROWS FAT.



ONE DAY...

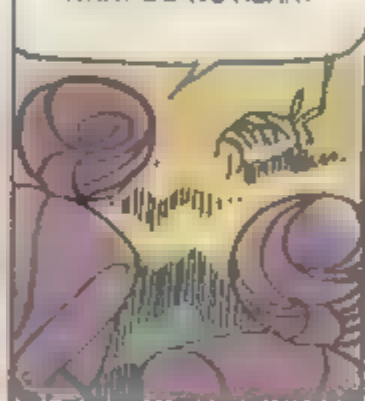
OH HO HO! AH!  
HA AH!

HOW SWEET IS THAT MUSIC! WHOSE CHARMING CALL IS THAT? IT MUST BE A SHE-DONKEY.

I'LL SING IN RESPONSE!

OH HO HO!  
BHAAY!

WHAT DO WE HEAR?



IT'S A DONKEY! THE ROGUE HAS BEEN FOOLING US ALL THESE DAYS. WE MUST TEACH HIM A LESSON!

POH HO HO! BHEAAY

THE FARMERS BEAT THE DONKEY LEFT AND RIGHT.



Understand the qualities of your listeners and then make your speech, for, there is no virtue or wealth superior to it.



BALIVARDHA CONCLUDES HIS NARRATION THUS..



THE FOOLISH DONKEY, WHO COULDN'T KEEP SILENT, BETRAYED HIMSELF AND MET HIS END.

YOU, TOO, FAILED BECAUSE YOU'VE A WAGGING TONGUE.



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER CROCODILE GOES TO KRAKACHA.

WHY ARE YOU HERE? YOU LOOK PALE AND WORRIED.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?



HOW CAN I BREAK THE SAD NEWS TO HIM?



YOUR BELOVED WIFE STARVED HERSELF TO DEATH.



OHI OOH! NO, NO!



HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT HER? OHI NO, NO!



FORGIVE ME, BALIVARDHA! GOD HAS PUNISHED ME FOR MY EVIL INTENTION.



I'LL NOW BURN MYSELF TO DEATH.

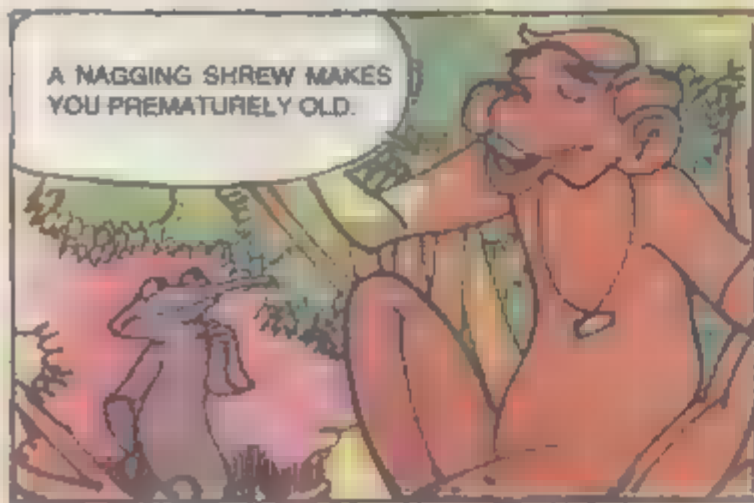


DON'T BE SILLY! THIS IS A MOMENT FOR REJOICING, AS YOU'RE RID OF A DREADFUL TERMAGANT.

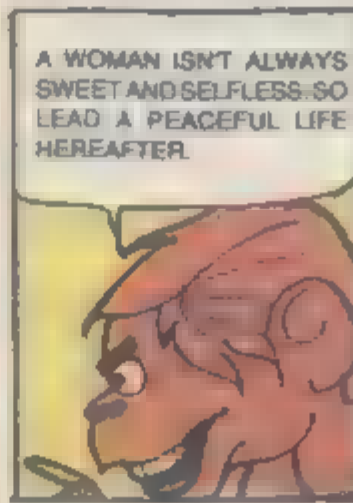


He who neither refrains from anger, nor keeps his secrets will at all times and in all places be easily conquered by all.





A NAGGING SHREW MAKES  
YOU PREMATURELY OLD.



A WOMAN ISN'T ALWAYS  
SWEET AND SELFLESS. SO  
LEAD A PEACEFUL LIFE  
HEREAFTER.



BUT HOW UNFORTUNATE  
I AM! I LOST MY WIFE AND...

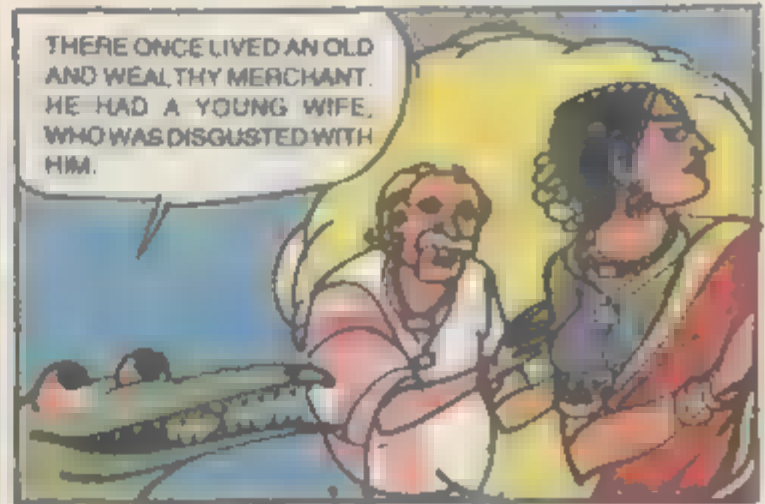


... A FRIEND LIKE YOU.



MY PRESENT STATE RE-  
MINDS ME OF AN OLD  
STORY.

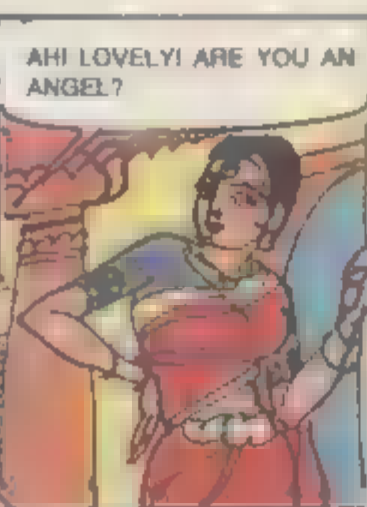
LET ME HEAR  
THAT, TOO!



THERE ONCE LIVED AN OLD  
AND WEALTHY MERCHANT.  
HE HAD A YOUNG WIFE,  
WHO WAS DISGUSTED WITH  
HIM.



A ROGUE, WHO KNOWS ALL  
THIS, GOES TO HER. ONE  
DAY....



AHI LOVELY! ARE YOU AN  
ANGEL?



COME DOWN FROM HEAVEN  
TO ENCHANT US, POOR  
MORTALS!



OH! HOW SWEET OF YOU!

Those who desire to keep up their honour will certainly do  
nothing dishonourable even for the sake of fame.



## A second source of strength

Paul Devasahayam, of Bodinayakanur, was contesting the College Union elections for Presidentship. He was Vice-President in the previous year and felt that it would, therefore, be a cake walk for him and he would win hands down. His main rival was the previous year's Secretary, Rangarajan. True, he was a brilliant student and was also an athlete of great promise. And along with his President, he had made a good team and had become popular with the students. Paul and his friend were discussing his prospects in the elections, when Samuel reminded Paul, "Don't forget Rangarajan has two strings to his bow." It was long after Samuel had left him that Paul recalled his ominous statement and wondered what he meant by 'two strings to his bow', which normally will have only one string and the archer would be at a loss if it were to break. What Samuel meant was, Rangarajan possessed a second way for attaining his object, a sort of stand-by help. Paul suddenly remembered Rangarajan's father had successfully stood for Assembly elections and that the boy had helped his father in his electioneering, thereby becoming adept in vote-catching!

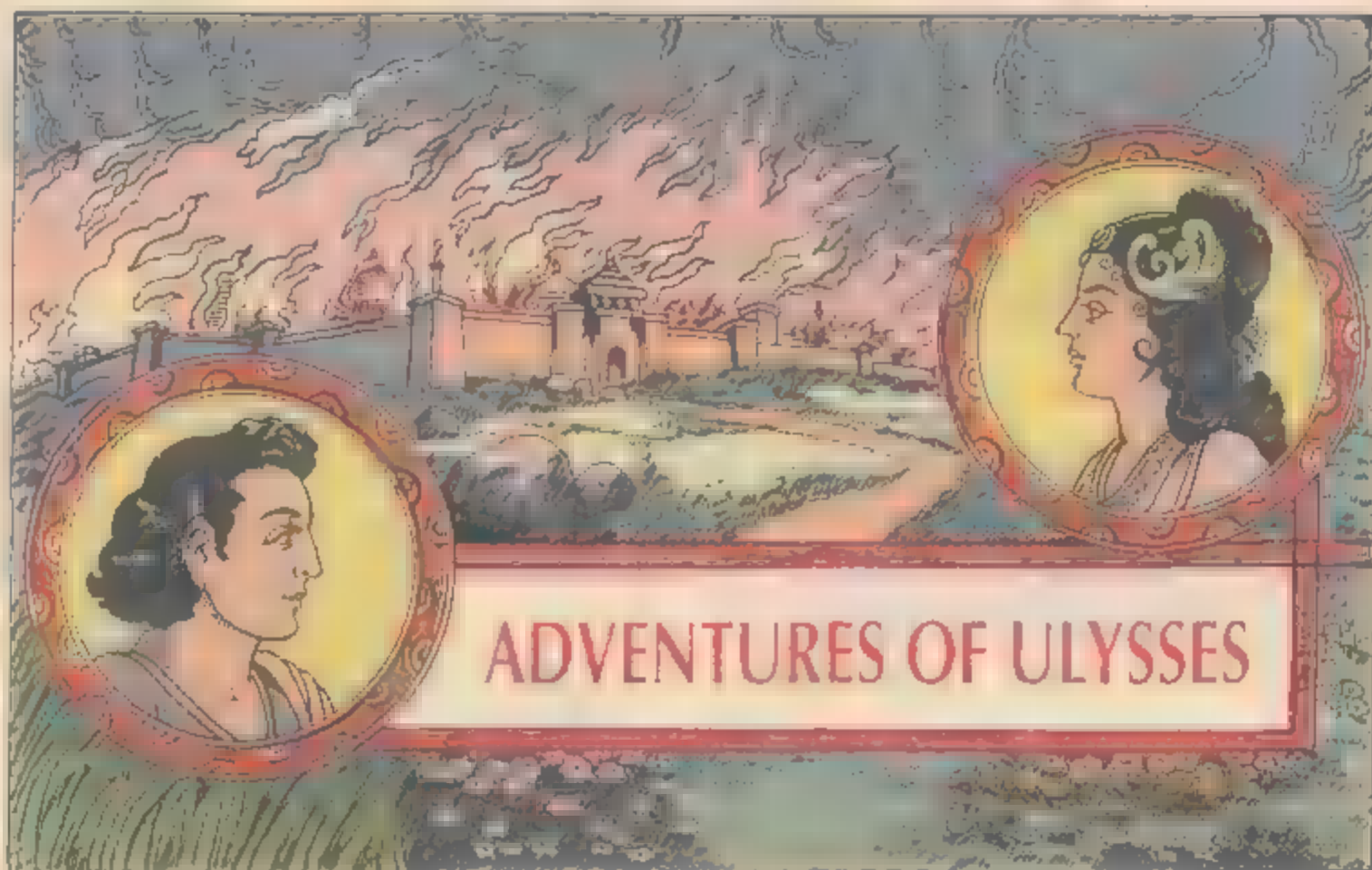
Reader Subrat Kumar Patnaik, of Bhubaneswar, has seen oil tankers with the words "INFLAMMABLE" and "IMFLAMMABLE" painted. Which is correct, he

asks. The first word is correctly spelt, while the other is, shall we call it, 'a painter's devil'?

Reader S. Sumitra, of Bangalore, is confused about *skill* and *talent*. Don't they mean the same? she asks. Any natural gift is *talent*; while your expert knowledge or accomplishment in that gift is *skill*. Sumitra may be a talented dancer, but her teacher will always watch for the skill with which she makes the steps, executes a particular pose, or adapts her hand movements and facial expressions to bring out what the accompanying song states. Or take painting, for which many children exhibit a *talent*. However, they must acquire the necessary *skill*, for example, for drawing with crayons or painting with water colours.







*(Paris, the prince of Troy, becomes a guest of the young king Menelaus and his wife, Helen. Taking advantage of Menelaus's temporary absence, Paris persuades Helen to elope with him to Troy. Menelaus and Ulysses go to Troy to bring her back, but they have to return disappointed. They are determined to take revenge on Paris and the people of Troy.)*

"We must attack and destroy the city-state of Troy and rescue Helen," Menelaus told his ministers and nobles.

"That's what we should do," his audience agreed, "but how do we go about it? Troy is very powerful!"

"Needless to say, we can achieve our goal only with the help of other Greek kings and their armies," said the

wise Agamemnon, elder brother of Menelaus. Agamemnon commanded great respect among the princes of Greece.

He sent requests to different princes and warriors to come with their best ships and soldiers and gather at the port of Aulis. The princes responded warmly. But two great heroes were yet to come. They were Ulysses and

### 3. A GREAT EXPEDITION



Achilles. Agamemnon sent a very intelligent messenger to call Ulysses.

Ulysses, as we know, was in deep sympathy with Menelaus. But he was in no mood to join the expedition against Troy. His beautiful young wife, Penelope, also would not like him to depart. What is more, she had just given birth to their son. Ulysses loved the child very much and did not wish to be away from him.

But can he say 'no' to Agamemnon? A hero was not expected to shrink away from a call to duty. Ulysses planned a trick. He must lead the messenger to believe that he had become insane.

He yoked a bull and a donkey to a

plough and began ploughing a piece of land near his castle. While ploughing, he threw salt along the furrows, instead of seeds. He ran his plough through pebbles and bricks, as if he did not understand the difference between objects.

The messenger quietly took the infant son of Ulysses from the arms of the maid who was passing by and placed the little one before the plough of Ulysses. At once, Ulysses stopped and diverted the course of his plough.

The messenger laughed. "You're not quite insane, I suppose!" he said.

Ulysses realised that his trick had been exposed. He, too, laughed. Before long, taking leave of his weeping



wife and the child, he accompanied the messenger to Aulis.

But where was the other hero, the young Achilles? Amusing though it might sound, he was then hiding in the inner apartments of a king, disguised as a girl.

But why? Well, it was not he who had chosen to do so. His mother had obliged him to live like that. His mother was a goddess, Thetis. When Achilles was an infant, she had dipped him in the river Styx at an auspicious moment.

By doing so, she had made him immune to all injury. But his feet were not that safe. It was because she held him by his feet while dipping him that his feet had remained above the water.

Thetis did not wish her son to join the expedition. She persuaded him to dress like a girl and stay with the king's daughters for a while.

Now that Ulysses himself had joined the Greek force, he would not like to spare Achilles. He put on the disguise of a trader and carried a huge basket of ornaments to the palace. He received the king's permission to show his ware to the princesses in their apartments inside the palace.

Ulysses mixed ~~some~~ excellent arrows, daggers, and swords along with the ornaments. While the women



handled the ornaments showing their natural fondness for them. Achilles picked up the weapons and examined them wistfully.

At once Ulysses caught hold of him. "You gifted young hero, is this the place for you? Is it right and noble for you to disguise as a girl and shun the company of brave warriors at a moment of crisis? How can you keep your conscience quiet?"

Achilles saw the point. He agreed to join the expedition.

All the great heroes of Greece met at Aulis. There were seven hundred and eighty-six ships and a hundred thousand soldiers. They chose





Agamemnon as their leader.

After making a lot of offerings to the gods and goddesses, the heroes commanded their fleet to set sail. Thousands of men and women bade them farewell, standing on the sea-shore and waving. It was a magnificent sight – hundreds of ships with colourful sails dashing into the blue waters.

But, as luck would have it, they mistook a small kingdom named Teuthrania as Troy and attacked it. The king of the land was surprised. He came out to fight and was wounded. However, the Greeks soon realised their mistake and got ready

for the next phase of their voyage towards Troy.

Suddenly, a terrible storm struck their fleet. So fierce was the wind that it pushed all the ships backward – so much so they found themselves back at their starting point, Aulis!

It was a setback. But, instead of losing heart, they grew even more determined to accomplish their task. They sailed once again.

At last, the city of Troy could be seen. The old King Priam had built a castle which was stronger than all the castles in that part of the world. It was encircled by very thick and high walls which nothing could destroy. It was easy for a handful of soldiers from behind the walls to fight and check a large army which stood outside the wall.

The Trojans saw the huge fleet on the blue horizon. They got ready to face it. "Let's return Helen to Menelaus and avoid a long war," some elderly ministers advised King Priam. But his sons would not agree to make such a surrender. A battalion of their soldiers stood ready on the shore to attack the enemy as soon as they disembarked.

A prophecy had told the Greeks that the very first Greek to set foot on the soil of Troy shall be killed. When the time for jumping to the land came



everybody hesitated; everybody wanted someone else to make the sacrifice. But the uncertainty was over soon. A young hero, who would not want the Trojans to think that the Greeks were afraid of something, jumped from his boat, wielding his sword. The Trojans pounced on him at once and tore him to pieces.

Hundreds of soldiers then leaped forward, like the surging waves of the sea. The Trojan battalion retreated and hid behind the walls.

The Greeks then sent an emissary to King Priam with the proposal that Helen should be surrendered without any delay, so that Troy would be spared of a terrible fate.

By evening, the emissary came back to the Greek camp. The proposal had not been accepted.

Neither the Greeks nor the Trojans

slept a wink. If the first camp planned the assault, the second camp planned the defence. The ■■■■ had not arisen when the attack on the fort began.

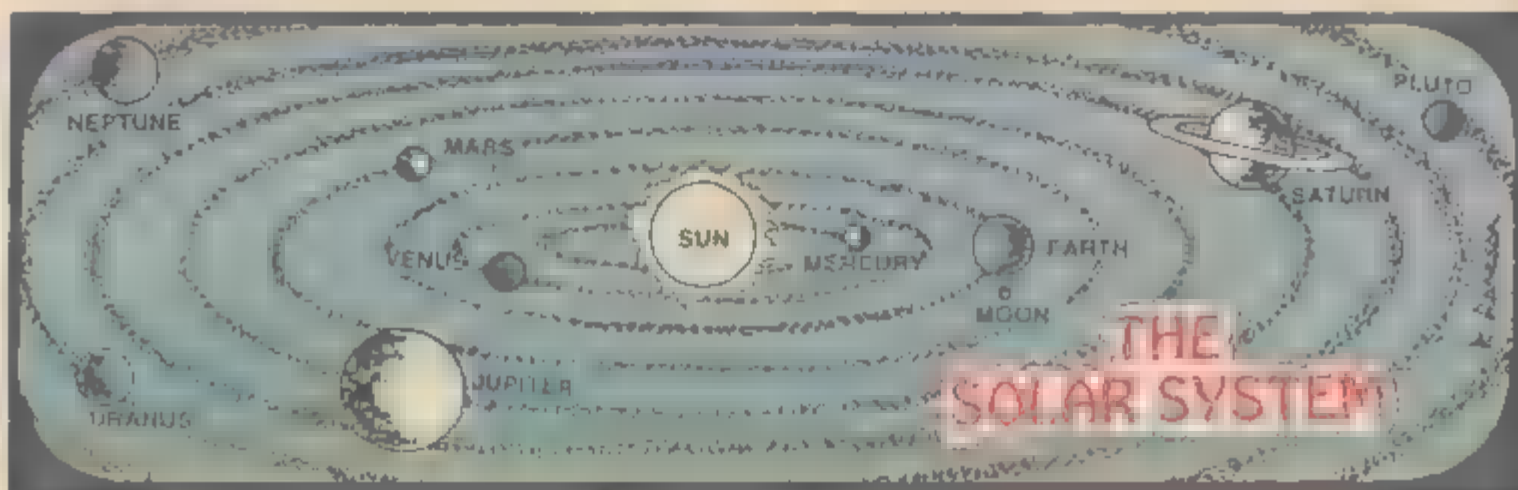
They fought for the whole day.

And then, day after day, month after month, year after year – for nine long years. Yet the Greeks could not enter the fort. There were rifts and quarrels among the Greeks themselves, between King Agamemnon and Achilles in particular; there was discontent among the soldiers on both the sides, but the war continued. Ships of merchants and princes sailing by saw the war from a safe distance and avoided the shore. They only marvelled at the tenacity of both the warring parties and thanked themselves that they were not involved in it.

– To continue

One can live on little, but not on nothing.





## MARTIANS ARE NOT COMING!

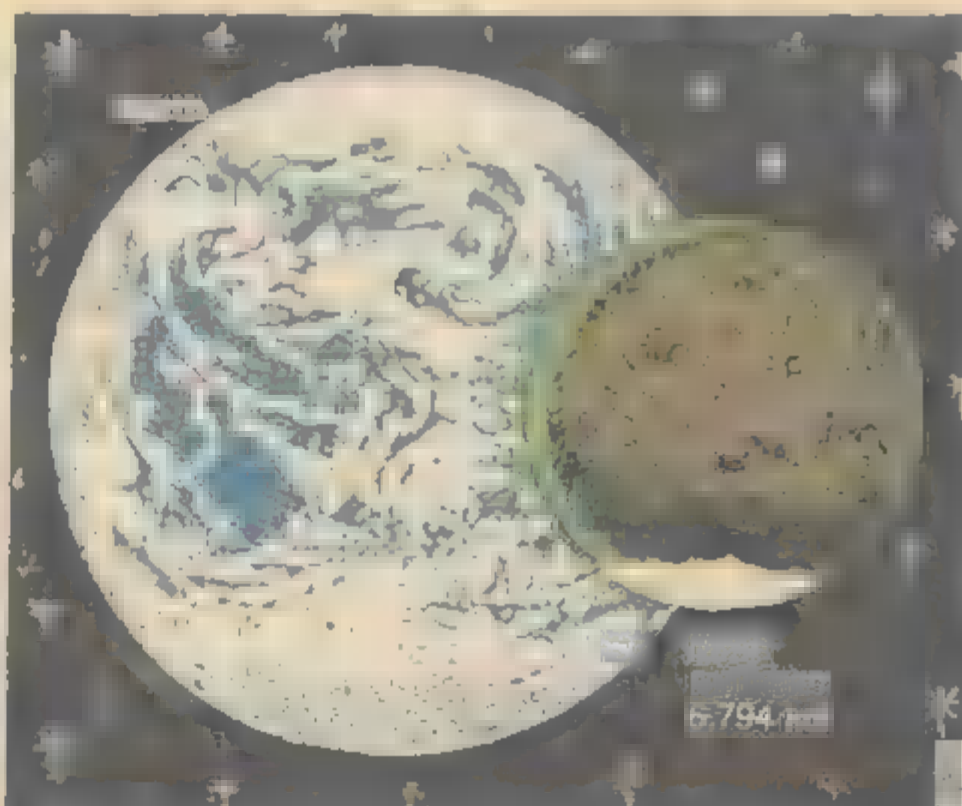
Our intelligent readers must have understood the significance of this title. This is a statement made in reference to the popular belief that the Martians ~~are~~ coming! For a long time, even several scientists thought that there was a civilization on Mars—more advanced than that on our Earth—and that the Martians could reach our Earth any day. But now ~~we~~ know that there is no civilization on Mars. Probably there is no life of any kind there, not even in the form of the slightest vegetation.


The planet Mars came into being 4,700 million years ago, more or less at the time when our Earth was born.

The distance of Mars from the sun is 227,94,000 km. (The earth's distance is 149,596,000 km.) The diameter of Mars is 6,790 km. (That of earth is 12,759 km.) Its rotation period is 24 hours, 37 minutes, and 23 seconds.

So, it is much smaller than the Earth and the first planet in the Solar System beyond the Earth.

In 1962, Russia sent a spacecraft to fly by Mars, but no contact could be made with it. In 1965, the American Mariner 4 flew past it, sending home a lot of information. Mariner ~~4~~ started its journey in May 1971 and reached Mars in November, the same year. We know much from these and subsequent voyages. There ~~are~~ great craters on it—huge volcanoes, bigger than any on the Earth, and vast wasteland like stretches.





New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

## The Magic Sword

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. Are you trying to acquire any mysterious powers? But don't expect that such powers will help you achieve everything. Sometimes they may prove useless. Shaktisimha had a magic sword with mysterious power; yet he didn't succeed in winning the





hand of the woman he loved. Let ■■■ tell you his story." The vampire then began his narration.

The King of Somapuri was Shaktisimha. Neelapuri and Harapuri were neighbouring kingdoms; they kept a greedy eye on Somapuri. One year, rains failed, and Somapuri experienced acute drought. The king found it difficult to feed his army; so, he decided to disband some soldiers. He reduced the strength of the army to half – ■■■ situation which his neighbours were just waiting for. Soon Shaktisimha's spies brought him news of an imminent threat to his kingdom from both Neelapuri and Harapuri.

• He contemplated ways and means to meet the threat.

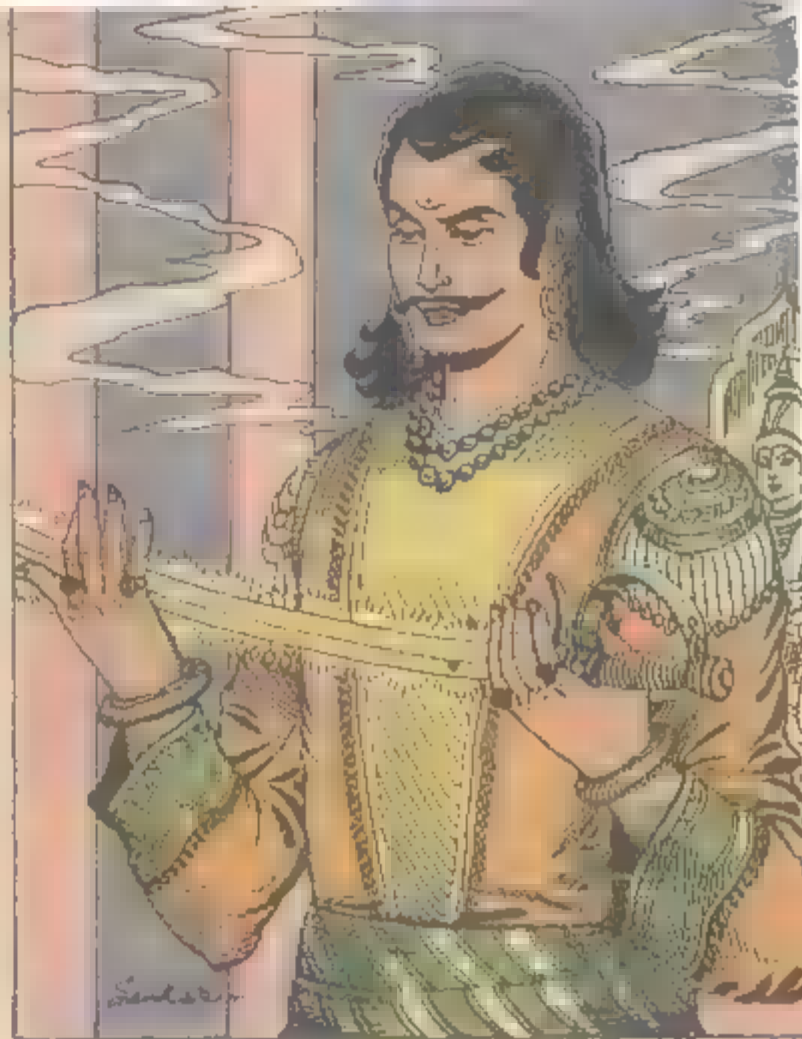
He sent for Taponanda, who had acquired some unique powers by long meditation and prayers. When he arrived at the palace, the king led the sage-like Taponanda to his chambers and discussed the situation. In fact, Taponanda had been given the status of Rajguru since the time of Shaktisimha's grandfather. He asked the royal mentor how he could withstand an attack if it really came from either of his neighbours.

Taponanda did not answer the king straight away. He fell into silence for ■■■ while. He then told Shaktisimha: "You must courageously face the enemies. The fact that you've reduced the strength of the army should not bother you. Victory is yours. You go to the puja room. Behind the idol of Mother Kali, there is an iron ring. If you rotate it to your right, one of the stone slabs on the floor will move and open up and you'll find a golden sword beneath. Whoever holds this sword is assured of victory. However, there's one limitation: the sword should be used only for a righteous objective. If used for any unjust or unfair purpose, it'll turn into a mere wooden sword. So, be extra careful about putting it to use."

Shaktisimha prostrated before

Taponanda and sought his blessings before he saw him off. He then proceeded to the puja room. He stood in prayer before the idol and then felt for the ring and turned it as the Rajguru had instructed him. A stone slab moved from its place revealing a golden sword. The hilt was studded with precious stones, which glistened. Shaktisimha took the sword with all reverence. As he held it, he felt that his entire body had received some extra strength. He then awaited further news of the enemies' plans.

A week later, the armies of Neelapuri and Harapuri reached the borders of Somapuri. Shaktisimha led his small army and fought the enemies. Each enemy soldier thought he was facing King Shaktisimha himself, defending and fighting with a glistening golden sword. And each one of the enemy soldiers fled for his life. The kings of Neelapuri and Harapuri had no other go except to surrender to Shaktisimha. They fell at his feet and agreed to pay him tribute every year. Shaktisimha accepted their offer and forgave them. As they retraced their steps back to their respective kingdoms, the two kings realised that Shaktisimha owed his victory to the golden sword they had seen in his hands.



Some days later, Shaktisimha went a-hunting. As he was returning to his palace late in the evening, he heard cries of distress. "Help me! Please help me!!" He turned his horse in the direction from where the cries had come. There he saw a palanquin and beside it a beautiful girl and some four or five other women trembling with fear. When they saw Shaktisimha, they felt safe. A little distance away, he also saw a young man fighting with his soldiers. "That man was trying to abduct our princess!" the wailing women told him.

Shaktisimha saw that the young man was felling each one of his sol-





diers. He drew his magic sword and encountered the youth and sent his sword flying. The king now had his golden sword across the neck of the youth. "Who are you? Why are you trying to kidnap the princess?" he thundered.

"You seem to be a warrior!" said the young man, obviously not recognising the king. "It's not easy to overpower me. Whoever does that is no mean warrior; he must really be a strong man. I'm Giridhar. There's no one who wouldn't have heard of the Prince of Mahagiri. I'm in love with Kanakangi, the Princess of Kamalapuri. But I'm told she has de-

cided to marry only the King of Somapuri. That's why I was trying to kidnap her and secretly marry her. But you've upset all my plans."

Shaktisimha wondered how he should respond. "You should not go against the wishes of a woman. You've done a crime. You shouldn't repeat it a second time!" he warned the young man and put his sword back into its sheath.

It was then that Giridhar noticed the sword. "Oh! You're Shaktisimha, the King of Somapuri?"

Shaktisimha nodded his head and turned to Princess Kanakangi, who was intently listening to the conversation between the two. "The next new moon day, my father will hold a contest to decide whom I should marry," said the princess to her companion standing nearest to her. "Tell him that he should come for the contest and take part in the sword-fight."

Shaktisimha did not wait for the princess's companion to convey her message, for he was listening to all that Kanakangi told her. "Please tell your princess that I shall be present for the contest." He then mounted his horse and returned to the palace.

On the day of the new moon, Shaktisimha changed into a warrior's



dress and started for Kamalapuri. His queen, Susheela, accosted him, tears in her eyes. "What's this, my lord? Are you going to Kamalapuri to wed Princess Kanakangi? Have you forgotten that I'm your duly wedded wife? Is it fair that you should take a second wife when I am still alive?"

Shaktisimha brushed aside her protestations. "Kanakangi is beautiful. Kings and princes are vying with each other to claim her hand. Anyone who doesn't wish to marry her should be blind. Besides, a Kshatriya can rightfully take a second wife." He left the palace without looking back at his queen.

On reaching Kamalapuri,

Shaktisimha straight away went to the arena where the contests were to take place. He drew his sword and challenged all those who were already present. "Is there anyone ready for a sword-fight with me? If there is one who would dare, come forward!"

Kings and princes among the princess's suitors knew that as long as Shaktisimha wielded the magic sword, none of them would be able to face him. So, nobody accepted his challenge. He had till then not seen Giridhar sitting in a corner. The Prince of Mahagiri slowly stood up. "I accept your challenge." He also drew his sword and went up to Shaktisimha.







"Oh! You, Giridhar!" There was scorn in Shaktisimha's voice. "You came to fight with me in the forest. Do you remember how you ran away after your defeat?"

Giridhar did not answer him in words, but aimed his sword at Shaktisimha, who defended himself. But the moment Giridhar's sword hit Shaktisimha's golden sword, the blade turned wooden. Shaktisimha stood shocked. Giridhar smiled, as he saw Princess Kanakangi coming forward to garland him, accepting him as her husband. Wonder of wonders! The very next moment, Shaktisimha was seen holding a

golden sword.

The vampire concluded the story there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King! Shaktisimha was able to drive away his enemies with the help of his magic sword. He successfully fought with Giridhar when he tried to kidnap Princess Kanakangi – with the same sword. Of course, the sword was supposed to lose its powers if it was used for any unfair or unjust acts. Does it mean that Shaktisimha was not fair in wishing to marry Kanakangi and in fighting anyone to achieve his objective? Kanakangi had no love for Giridhar who had tried to abduct her. On the other hand, she loved Shaktisimha after he went to her rescue. When she invited him to take part in the sword-fight to decide who should marry her, didn't she really expect him to win and win her hand, too? Still she had no hesitation in accepting Giridhar after he won the sword-fight. Why? And why did Shaktisimha's sword once again become golden after the marriage of Kanakangi and Giridhar? I warn you, O King! Your head will be blown to pieces if you know the answers to my questions and yet choose to remain silent."

"If the magic sword were to be used for any righteous act, the one

who uses it will succeed; there's no doubt about it," replied King Vikramaditya. "Somapuri was affected by acute drought and was passing through bad times. The neighbouring countries were unfair in taking advantage of the situation and deciding to attack it, instead of going to its help. Righteousness was then on the side of Shaktisimha. And that's how the magic sword gave him all support and strength. And he succeeded in thwarting his enemies. Giridhar was in love with Kanakangi and wanted to take her by force. Kanakangi at that moment had no love for him. Instead, she loved Shaktisimha who went to her rescue. Giridhar was unfair in resorting to force to get Kanakangi. That's why he was defeated in his fight with Shaktisimha. Here again, righteousness was on the side of Shaktisimha. A Kshatriya may legally keep two

wives, but it is not right to take a second wife when the first one is alive. He was really being unjust to his first wife. Shaktisimha was therefore, indulging in an unfair act, and his sword lost its powers when he encountered Giridhar a second time. Kanakangi, as decided for her by her father, had to marry whoever won in the sword-fight. When she decided to garland Giridhar, she was only abiding by the rule. She might have also not approved of Shaktisimha being unjust to his living wife. After she wed Giridhar, there was no possibility of Shaktisimha marrying her. That is why, his sword once again became a golden sword, retaining its powers."

The vampire realised that the king had outwitted him once again. He flew back to the ancient tree carrying the corpse along with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after the vampire.





# WORLD OF NATURE

## Exotic, but fearsome

The aquarium on the Marina (second longest beach in the world) in Madras has recently acquired an exotic fish. It has butterfly-like fins, a royal mein, and a grouchy expression. The fins can warn other creatures that they have any evil intentions! About Russel's *scorpion fish* (that's the name), a guide prepared in the thirties by the then Director of Fisheries has this to say: "The fish is poisonous, it can inflict dangerous wounds with the spine of its dorsal fins". The aquarium attendants those days were afraid of the scorpion fish more than the deadly sea snakes. The scorpion fish can thrive only in sea water. So, the caretakers at the aquarium ensure that the tank gets a regular supply of sea water.

## Oh dear!

The zoo at Vandalur, a suburb of Madras, has a unique inmate who was born there in captivity the other day. The fawn belongs to the deer family and has curious-looking eyes. You will be tempted to go near, but don't! It barks like a dog! No wonder, it is called a *barking deer*.

## A white truth

A white crow? Never heard of! That is what you would say, but visit the Children's Park in Guindy, and you will find one there. This 90-day-old pink-eyed milky white bird belongs to the crow family, but it is an 'albino' – a rare phe-

nomenon. When it was found in Korattur, it was being pecked by its black brothers. The finder saved it and gave it to the Park.



## Chandamama Supplement-74

### The chewer's delight

If you have ever watched a cigarette-panwalah prepare the pan (betel leaf) for his 'chewing' customers, you would have seen him pull out a betel leaf from the bundle, wipe away any water particles left on the leaf, apply streaks of chunam (lime) from one end to the other, sprinkle some arecanut shavings on the leaf, add a pinch of tobacco and dexterously roll the whole thing before he hands it to his customers. Some people may avoid tobacco; but arecanut is a major ingredient for betel-chewing.

The utility of the arecanut palm lies chiefly in its nuts, which are of great commercial value. The nut contains tannin, which is used for making black and red inks. The nuts are also roasted and powdered to make tooth powder.

The arecanut palm looks graceful with its straight, slender trunk soaring to a height of 18 to 20 metres. The tree has no branches. The trunk has a diameter of about 15 centimetres. It is a sight to see arecanuts being plucked. The climber climbs one tree and, after plucking the nuts from it, does not climb down, but shakes the palm rather vigorously and swings to a nearby palm Tarzan-like! He can thus pluck the nuts from several trees without having to climb down and climb up again and again as you have to do when you climb coconut trees which cannot be shaken or swung from.

The palm starts bearing fruit when it is five years old, or later. A tree can yield as many as three hundred fruits in a single year. When tender, the fruit is green and as it ripens, changes into orange and then red. The nut lies inside the fibrous covering. The fruit is the size of a small egg. The palm requires a lot of rainfall, and the trees are commonly found in South India, West Bengal, and Assam, which receive plenty of rain.

The flowers are in clusters below the boughs. They are enclosed in a boat-shaped covering. The flowers have a soft smell. The boughs are divided into several leaflets drooping from the middle. The leaves are generally used for thatching. The trunk is cut into pieces to be used as pillars to support a roof.

Called *Supari* in Hindi, Marathi, and Gujarati, it is *Gua* in Bengali, *Kamugu* in Tamil and *Kavungu* in Malayalam. Its botanical name is *Areca Catechu* Linn.

## Common Trees of India







## **VEDAS : THE GREAT POET AND COMPILER**

The **Vedas** are the first books in the world. There are four of them : Rig, Yajur, Sama, and Atharva.

Who composed them and when? There are no satisfactory answers. According to traditions, the hymns of the Vedas were received by the sages in their meditation, directly from the gods. In other words, they were inspired compositions, not thought out by the human mind. They were composed six thousand years ago, if not earlier.

It was the great seer, Vyasa, who divided the Vedic hymns into four books and gave them separate names. Even after that, the Vedas were not written down, but remembered by

scholars, all by heart, for generations. They were written down much later.

Vyasa is the greatest single builder of the Indian heritage. He gave us the second epic after Valmiki's *Ramayana*, famous as the *Mahabharata*. This is also the world's longest epic, eight times bigger than Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* put together. As everybody knows, the *Mahabharata* is a profound work, rich with the description of momentous events and great characters. Vyasa is not only the author of this epic, but also figures in it as one of the characters.

When Vyasa felt inspired to write the *Mahabharata*, he felt the need of an assistant to take down his dictation.

tion. At Lord Brahma's suggestion, the young and lovely god Ganesa agreed to do the work. But he said that Vyasa must go on dictating to him without any lengthy pause. Vyasa, in his turn, put forth the condition that Ganesa must not write down any verse without understanding its meaning. Great as both were, each accepted the other's term. Thus, ■ little away from Badarikashram, in a cave known till today as Vyasa's Cave, the two sat down to work and the great epic came into being in two and ■ half years.

Vyasa is also credited with the composition of some of the major Puranas.

Vyasa means one who encom-

passes and also one who describes. This great genius was capable of encompassing all the sacred hymns and classifying them. He also described charmingly so many episodes in the *Mahabharata*. He is also known as Vedavyasa. His other name is Dvaipayana, because he was born on a small dvipa or island. He is also addressed as Krishna Dvaipayana, because his body was dark.

Scholars believe that his disciples, entrusted with the task of compiling or composing the Puranas, had also assumed the name Vyasa.

When did Vyasa live? Again we can only make a guess. Perhaps five thousand and five hundred years ago.





# DO YOU KNOW?

1. Where will you go to see the Elephanta Caves?
2. The Hindus and Muslims both claim an Indian mystic of the 15th century as belonging to their respective faith. Who was he?
3. Who was India's first woman doctor?
4. When did the Indian Air Force come into being?
5. When was the first postage stamp issued in India?
6. Which is the oldest ship-building yard in the country? Who established it?
7. When is the Commonwealth Day celebrated?
8. At his crucifixion, Jesus Christ asked one of his disciples to take care of his mother, Mary. Which disciple?
9. In the old Testament, who is mentioned as Noah's grandfather?
10. Cricket is the national game of which country?
11. What was the actual occupation of the Wright Brothers who were the first men to fly?
12. When was the first "flying saucer" reported?
13. Who came to be called "The Lady with the Lamp"?
14. Who was the first Secretary General of the United Nations?
15. Who described the legendary land of Atlantis in his work?

## ANSWERS

1. Bombay – on Elephanta Island near the harbour.
2. Sant Kabir, born in a Muslim weaver family, who composed songs in praise of Lord Rama.
3. Dr. Anandibai Joshi. She took her M.D. in the U.S.A. in 1886 and practised in Maharashtra for a year. She died in 1887.
4. October 8, 1932. The day is observed as the Air Force Day.
5. In 1852. The "Scinde Dawks" were also the first stamps to be issued in the whole of Asia.
6. The Hindustan Shipyard in Visakhapatnam was set up in 1941 by the
7. May 24.
8. John
9. Methuselah. According to the Bible, he lived for 969 years.
10. Australia
11. They ran a bicycle shop.
12. On June 24, 1947. A pilot reported seeing a saucer skimming over water.
13. Florence Nightingale. She started the nursing order after she began attending on the soldiers wounded in the Crimean War (1853-56).
14. Dag Hammarskjöld.
15. Plato.

## THE LITTLE TREE OF LOVE AND LIGHT

**T**wenty centuries ago, one night, there twinkled in the sky a very bright star. Men, animals, birds – and even trees felt a deep joy within themselves. They marvelled at the luminous light in the sky and wondered the reason behind its sudden appearance. Three wise men followed it, and the star led them to a humble stable, far away in Bethlehem. There, by a dim lamp and in a wooden cradle, cushioned by straw, lay a babe. He was Jesus, the Son of God, and with him the

heavenly Father had sent His message of peace and goodwill unto this earth.

By the stable, where lay the holy child, stood three trees – a palm, an olive, and a fir. They intently watched the wise men bow and shower their gifts on the newborn, and people pouring in from morn till evening with presents in their hands to have a glimpse of him.

"Oh! If we, too, could give some gifts to this heavenly child!" the trees earnestly wished.





"I shall weave a fan out of my leaves and place it in the manger to waft gentle breeze to the babe," declared the palm, swaying vigorously.

"Ah! Ah!" piped in the olive proudly. "I'll sprinkle the stable with ■ sweet perfume, as sweet and pure as the babe!"

"But what can I offer?" asked the fir modestly, with its branches drooping towards the ground.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! You? You've nothing but little needles that would prick the tender infant," said the palm, swaying its leaves with pride.

"Don't forget, your tears are sticky too!" curtly added the olive.

The poor fir was indeed very unhappy. "What you both say is true. I

don't have anything worth to offer to the divine child. Alas! I'm so small that even the wind doesn't play with me, nor do the snow and the birds!" he said in ■ modest, though sad, tone.

Meanwhile, an angel who had just descended from the heavens heard the conversation of the three friends. 'How modest and humble is this tree! His heart is so pure, with ■■ envy in it!' he thought and was so moved by the little fir's plight that he resolved to help it.

The angel rose in the darkness towards the little stars in the sky. "O twinkling friends, down below, by the stable, stands the humble fir. Won't you descend and rest upon its



branches?" he proposed gently.

The tiny lamps of the heaven gladly did what the good angel bade them to do. So the little fir glowed, as the silvery lights twinkled from its outspread branches.

The wee babe looked from his cradle at the three dark forms in the night that stood like sentinels beside the door of the stable. But his eyes fell on the fir tree and a luminous smile appeared on his face as he looked upon the twinkling lights.

The little fir's joy knew no bounds. Its branches delightfully bowed and swayed as if acknowledging the greetings of the Child Jesus. The palm and the olive only wondered at this change of their

meek friend.

For long the lovely sight of the fir, decked up with twinkling stars, remained green and fresh in Child Jesus's memory. He might have wished that to celebrate his anniversary, let every house place a fir tree lit up with candles to shine for children as the stars had shone over him on the day of his birth.

So it was, the wee little fir became the Christmas Tree and shines on hundreds of happy faces, from year to year, on this day of Light, Peace, and Joy.

But was it not for its humility that the little fir was chosen to bear God's Love to His children?

— Retold by Anup Kishore ■■■



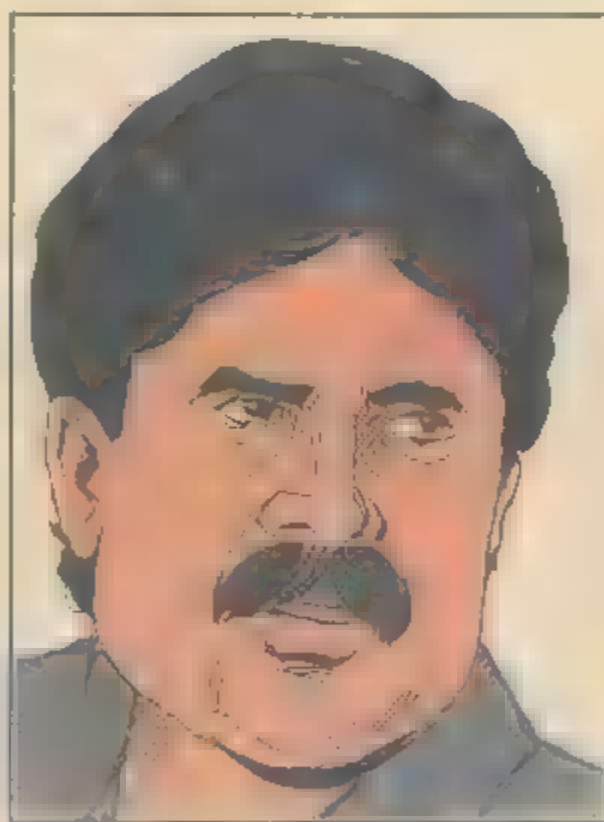
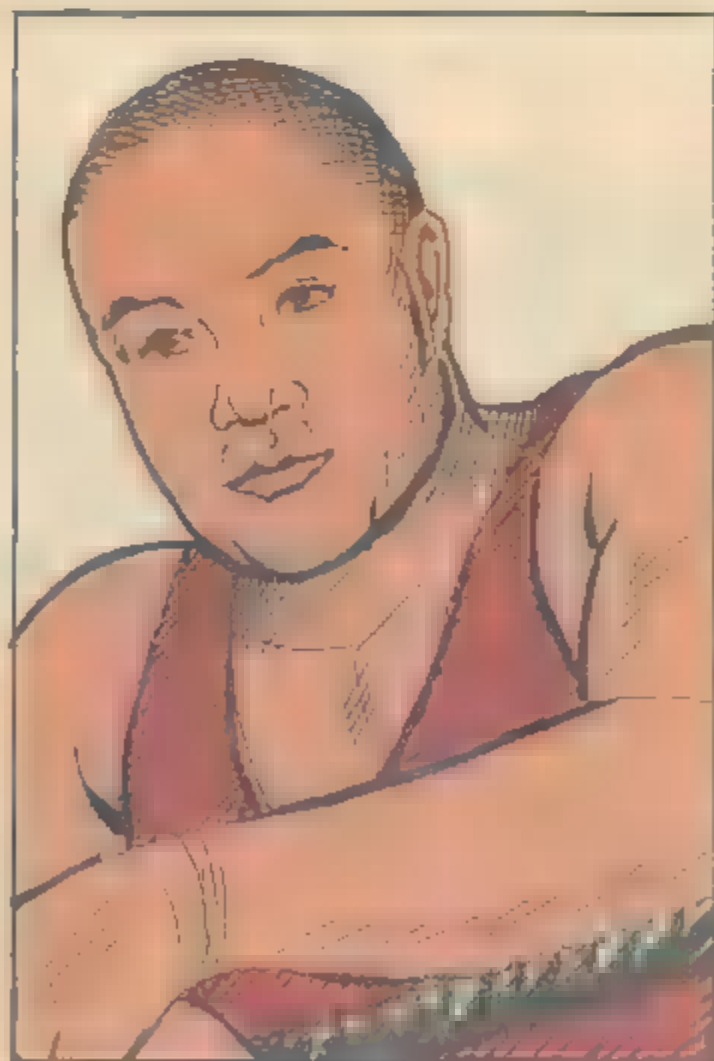


# SPORTS SNIPPETS

## Boxing history

At 45, George Foreman is the oldest heavyweight champion in boxing history. He knocked out Michael Moorer in a fight held in Las Vegas, U.S.A., on November 5. The fight lasted 2 min. 3 seconds into the 10th round, and the preacher-cum-part-time actor (in movies) was awarded the International Boxing Federation and World Boxing Association titles. Foreman was seen kneeling in a corner and praying, while the referee counted out Moorer, who was floored by a right jab followed by a left-right combination from Foreman. A former champion, Foreman had lost to

Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) 20 years ago and had been marking his time to regain the title. Till his comeback, the oldest was Jersey Joe Walcott, who was 37 when he beat Ezzard Charles way back in 1951. Foreman may hold the "designation" only till next January if 46-year-old Larry Holmes were to win his bout against Oliver McCall for the World Boxing Council heavyweight title. Foreman had not fought for 17 months before he took on Moorer. He is optimistic when he says, "Next time I come back,



I'll be in the 65-75 age group." Well, that will be the record of records.

## Cricket's colossus

North India celebrated Diwali a day earlier than in the South — on November 2. Some admirers of Kapil Dev, on hearing the news of his retirement from

first class cricket, remarked that it would not be anymore a bright Diwali for them. A leg injury had kept him away from the Indian team to play a one-dayer in Delhi the next day. Evening came and he thought it was the auspicious moment to announce his decision. "I am leaving.... after playing clean cricket all through my 17-year-long career. Tomorrow I begin ■ new role (as TV commentator)," he told Pressmen by way of introduction. In fact, the newspapers had expected him to announce his retirement soon after he created a world record on February ■ when he took his 432nd Test wicket and crossed Sir Richard Hadlee's mark (see *Chandamama*, March 1994). He was then playing his 130th Test, in Ahmedabad. He played one more Test and took two more wickets before calling it a day. More than the world record, he considers India's triumph in World Cup at Lord's, London, on June 23, 1983, as his happiest moment. He was the captain then. In 225 one-dayers, he collected 253 wickets. His batting figures are 5,248 runs in 184 Test innings (with 163 as the highest score) and 3,783 runs in 198 innings in one-dayers (highest score 175 not out). Truly, he was a colossus in Indian cricket.

### **A captain's record**

For the Indian team playing a one-dayer against New Zealand on November 3, captain Mohammed Azharuddin brought a brighter Diwali when he crossed 5,000 runs in one-day internationals. He is the first Indian, and tenth batsman in the world to make that

mark. And he did so when he reached 49 in his 58-run unbeaten knock. He was playing his 170th innings in 184 one-dayers.



### **Another Indian record**

On November 7, India were pitted against West Indies in ■ one-dayer in Visakhapatnam. Navjot Singh Sidhu remained unbeaten with 114, and there were two records attached to it. That was the highest score for an Indian batsman against West Indies; it was also the fifth century by him in one-dayers. The earlier record for Indian batsmen was four centuries by Krishnamachari Srikkanth and Ravi Shastri. Incidentally, they both were in the commentators box when Sidhu erased their record. Srikkanth also had held the record till then for the highest score (112) against West Indies.





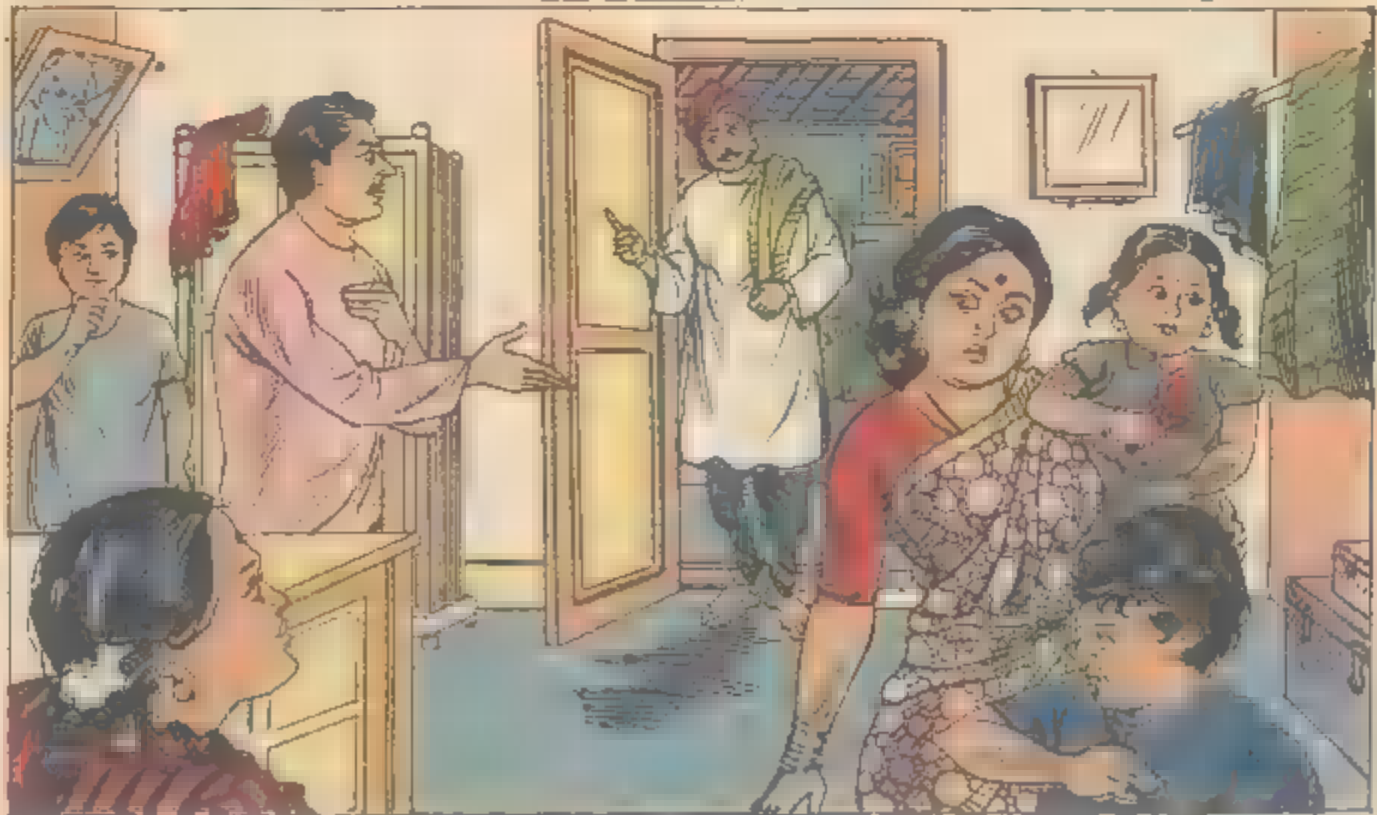
## "I've no children!"

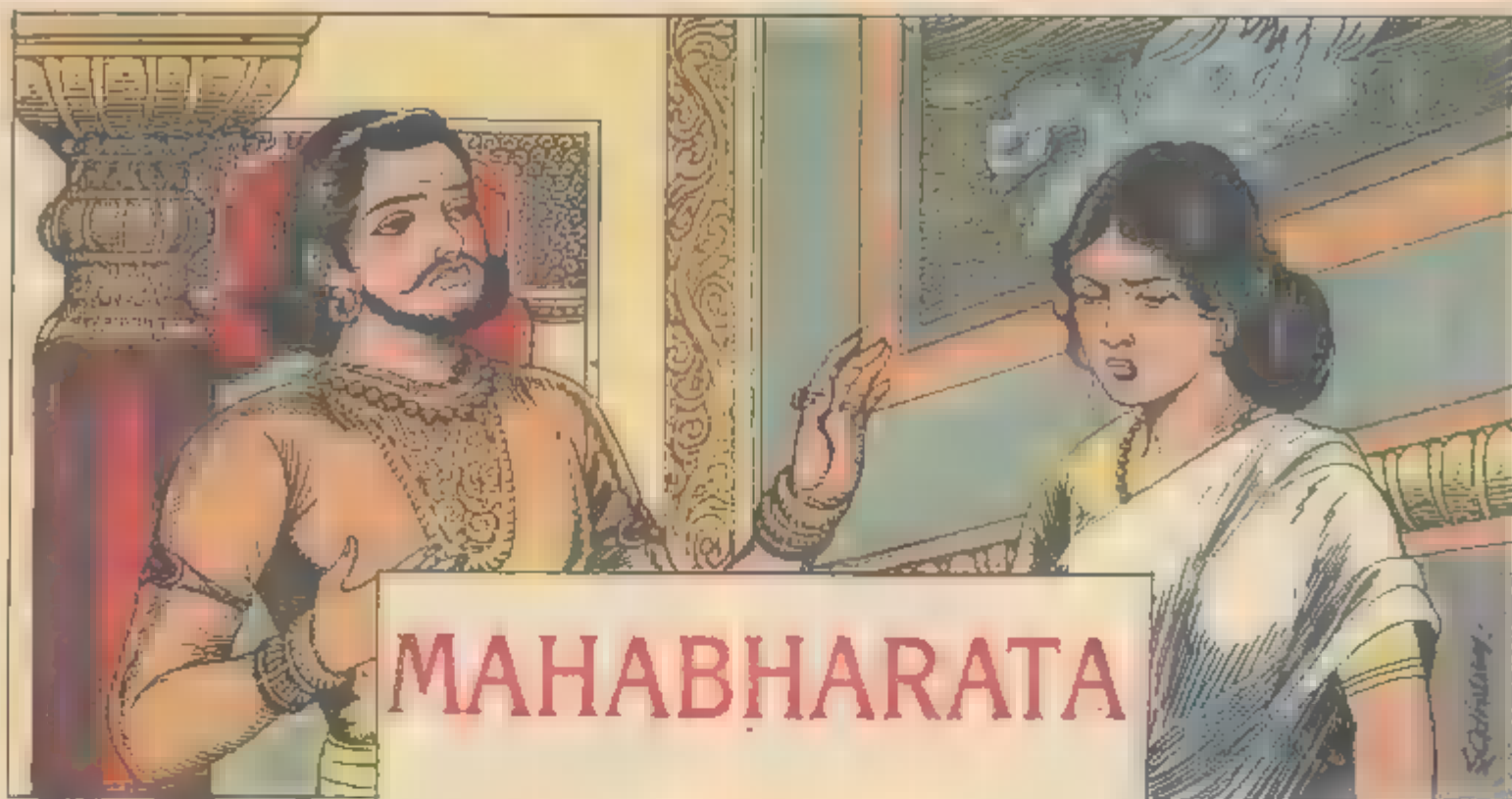
Lokanath was staying in a portion of a house on rent. One day, the houseowner went to him and said, "My son is getting married and I'll need an extra room for the couple. I know I'm bothering you, but I shall be obliged if you shift from here within a month."

Lokanath began searching for a place to stay. Plenty of places were available, but the owners were reluctant to take him as a tenant. The reason was, he had four children, and the prospective houseowners felt that they would not be able to live in quietude.

He was in a fix. Every evening, he would tell his wife and children how unsuccessful he was in his attempts and why. One day, his eight-year-old son decided to venture out. At the place he went asking for rooms on hire, the houseowner looked at him in surprise and with curiosity. "Sir, I've no children. I have my parents and three sisters, one of them older to me. Will you take us in?"

The houseowner thought the boy was very clever. He asked him to go and bring his family along.





***The story so far :***

*After the death of King Santanu, Chintrangada became the King of Hastinapura; he was succeeded by Vichitravirya. The latter had two sons – Dhritarashtra and Pandu. The elder of the two was born blind, so the younger brother, Pandu, ascended the throne. In the course of his reign, Pandu suffered from the curse of a sage and lived for some years in a forest with his two wives.*

*During these years, the two wives of Pandu, Kunti and Madri, gave birth to five sons, who afterwards became famous as the Pandavas. When Pandu died, the sages took the five Pandavas to live with their uncle, Dhritarashtra, and his one hundred sons at Hastinapura. These sons of the blind Dhritarashtra were known as the Kauravas.*

**W**hen King Pandu died, Yudhishtira, his eldest son and heir apparent, was only sixteen years of age. So, the blind Dhritarashtra sat on the throne.

At Hastinapura, the five [redacted] of Pandu and the hundred sons of Dhritarashtra grew up together in an atmosphere of merriment, but beneath the surface, the Kauravas

nursed a growing hatred for the Pandavas.

Bhima, the second son of Pandu, excelled all the others in physical strength. He would bully his Kaurava cousins and would lift any one of them high above his head and run with his helpless and screaming victim around the garden. Nothing Bhima liked better than to dive into

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### **3. PANDAVA PRINCES IN HASTINAPURA**

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a pool with one or two of his cousins clasped in his arms, and stay under water until his struggling cousins were well nigh drowned.

The Kauravas had many bruises as a result of Bhima's practical jokes, and Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kauravas, was extremely jealous of Bhima's strength, and in his warped thinking, he felt that if only Bhima was out of the way, the powers of the Pandavas would decline, and then Yudhishtira could be prevented from becoming the king. So, Duryodhana and his brothers planned to kill Bhima, imprison Yudhishtira and his younger brother, Arjuna, and seize the kingdom.

Duryodhana and his brothers and the Pandavas often went down to the river, where they would swim and enjoy the sweetmeat and cool drinks the servants brought.

One day, when they were beside the river, Duryodhana managed to mix poison in Bhima's food. Afterwards, when Bhima lay on the river bank drowsy from the effects of the poison, the evil Duryodhana tied him up with wild creepers and threw him into the river.

Bhima sank like a stone, down and down into the depths of the river, until he came to the abode of the

Nagas, the giant serpents. The poisonous snakes bit him, but luckily their poison counteracted the poison in his body, and Bhima quickly broke his bonds, and kept the snakes at bay.

Just then Vasuki, a prince of the Nagas, came on the scene, and recognizing Bhima as a great prince, led him to his home. Vasuki gave Bhima a magical potion to drink, which would give him the strength of a thousand elephants. After drinking it, Bhima fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Yudhishtira was greatly concerned at the disappearance of his brother. He asked Duryodhana if he knew where Bhima was, and Duryodhana said he was sure that Bhima had gone home ahead of them.

Back at Hastinapura, Yudhishtira asked his mother if Bhima had returned before them. On learning that Bhima was not at the palace, Yudhishtira immediately suspected foul play and, with his brothers, searched for the missing brother high and low along the banks of the river.

In the land of the Nagas, Bhima slept for seven days and seven nights. When he awoke on the eighth day, Vasuki, the Naga prince, who was sitting beside his bed, smiled. "O Prince, you've fully recovered. In







fact, you now possess the strength of a great herd of elephants. You should now return to Hastinapura," he said.

Bhima took leave of the Nagas, and hastened home, where mother Kunti and his brothers welcomed him with great joy. When Bhima told them of his adventures, the Pandava princes realised that they could no longer trust Duryodhana and the other Kauravas.

Kunti sent for Vidura, the king's chief counsellor, and told him in confidence: "Duryodhana is wicked and cruel. He has already tried to kill Bhima, because he wants to rule the kingdom."

"What you say is true," replied Vidura, "but you've no cause for worry, for your sons are blessed with long life."

The Pandavas and the Kauravas learnt the use of arms, first from Kripacharya and later from his brother-in-law Drona.

### The Story of Drona

Drona was the son of a brahmin. After completing his study of the Vedas, he devoted himself to archery and became a great master.

At the *gurukul*, Drupada, the son of the King of Panchala, and Drona were classmates. They were such good friends that Drupada would often say "When I become the king, you can have half of my kingdom!"

Later, Drona married Kripacharya's sister. A son, Aswatthama, was born to them. Drona was devoted to his wife and son and, for their sake, resolved to acquire sufficient wealth. Hearing that the great Parasurama had decided to distribute his riches among the Brahmins, he hurried to him. Alas, he was too late, as Parasurama had already given away all his wealth and was about to retire to the forests. However, Parasurama was anxious to help Drona. Parasurama was recognized as the master of weapons. He offered to

teach Drona all his skills.

Drona readily agreed to learn from him, and a great archer as he already was, he became the unrivalled master of the bow and other weapons.

Meanwhile, the King of Panchala died and Drupada ascended the throne. Remembering Drupada's lavish promises, Drona travelled to Panchala, sure to be received kindly and treated generously. But he found that Drupada had changed. Proud with power, he received his former friend with scorn and derision.

Drona was even turned out of the palace as though he was a beggar. Humiliated, Drona vowed to punish this arrogant king, who so easily forgot the promises made when the two were intimate friends.

Drona then decided to go to Hastinapura and enlist the help of his brother-in-law, Kripacharya, in his search for some measure of wealth.

One day, the Kaurava princes were playing with a ball and, in the course of the game, the ball fell into a well, and they stood looking into its depths wondering how to retrieve their ball.

Drona happened to be passing by and, seeing their predicament, spoke to them : "Princes, you are descen-



dants of the great King Bharata. You should be so skilled in arms that recovering your ball should not be a problem. Let me show you how to do it."

Drona took his bow and shot an arrow straight into the well. Then, in quick succession, he shot arrow after arrow and each arrow hit the arrows shot earlier until they formed a long chain, with which he rescued the ball.

The princes were amazed at the stranger's skill, and asked him who he was, and begged him to accompany them to the palace.

Drona smiled. "O Princes, ask



your uncle Bhishma. He'll tell you who I am," he said.

When Bhishma heard the story, he at once knew that the brahmin could be none other than the famous master Drona, the ideal person to teach the princes the use of arms. Drona was received at the palace with special honours and was engaged to teach the princes his skill with weapons.

Of all his pupils, the Pandava prince, Arjuna, proved to be the best, displaying natural skill with the bow. One night, Drona discovered Arjuna practising in the dark and he was amazed at the prince's marksmanship.

"Bravo, my prince," cried Drona. "One day, you'll be the greatest warrior of all."

From that day onwards, Arjuna became Drona's favourite pupil, and he taught the prince all the martial skills and cunning he knew.

As soon as the princes had mastered their weapons and the art of warfare, Drona, never forgetting the insult he had suffered at the hands of Drupada, sent Arjuna with an army to invade Panchala and capture Drupada.

Arjuna and his army conquered Panchala and brought Drupada and his ministers, bound in chains, before Drona.

Drona was jubilant and greeting the dismayed Drupada, he said : "Have no fear, Drupada. When we were young, we were great friends and you often promised me half of your kingdom. However, when you became a king, you insulted me and turned me out of your palace. Now, I've conquered your kingdom; so I'm the King of Panchala. But I still wish to be your friend and I hereby grant you half your kingdom."

Drona thought that he had acted nobly, but Drupada's pride had been humbled and his hatred for Drona was deep and tormenting. He fasted and made sacrifices to the gods, praying to give him a son who would one day slay Drona. His wishes were answered, when out of the flames of a *yajna* which he performed emerged a boy. He was named Dhrishtadyumna, who eventually became a great warrior. Drupada also had a daughter from the *yajna*, Draupadi, who was destined to become the consort of the Pandava princes.

—To continue



## A Better Match

**M**arudappa was a farmer of Morayur. He was an ordinary farmer, not very rich. But he was more popular than even the wealthy people of that small town. He enjoyed the people's respect. That was because he went to the help of everybody. If anyone approached him for help, he never sent them away empty-handed. He would have at least a piece of advice for them, and they would go back happy and satisfied.

One day, Marudappa had to go to another town which could be approached only by crossing a river. Often, the river would be in spate, and suddenly, too. When that happened, one had to take a bridge five miles away.

On his way to the town, there was not much water in the river. He was able to wade through. By the time he finished his work in the town and was returning, the river was in floods and he did not even dare to swim across.

There was no other go, except to walk up to the bridge. He knew that was next to impossible, so he hired a cart. The cartman agreed to accept whatever Marudappa offered.

Before he could climb into the cart, an oldish-looking man appeared there. He was wearing silks and had costly ornaments on him. "Hey, Muruga!" he accosted the cartman. "I've to go to Morayur. Would you take me?"

"This gentleman too wants to go to Morayur and I've agreed to take him," said the cartman, apologetically. "If he doesn't mind, I can take you also in my cart."

"Oh! I certainly don't mind," said Marudappa. "Come along, I'll have some company on the way."

They both started on their journey. "I'm going to Morayur in connection with a proposal for my daughter. My name is Manikkam. I've a big store here and it's doing well, by god's



grace. I'm told Morayur has a wealthy man called Sivasankar and he has a son of marriageable age. I wish to find out whether he'll make a suitable match for my daughter. Would you by any chance know the family?" queried Manikkam.

"My personal opinion is, in matrimonial matters, one should not go by what others say," said Marudappa. "In fact, I, too, have a son whom I very much want to get married. Suppose you meet Sivasankar and somehow your proposal does not go through, he may get the impression that I am responsible for the proposal to fizzle out. So, it's better that we don't discuss the family or the pro-

posal between ourselves." Marudappa excused himself.

Manikkam very much appreciated the stand taken by Marudappa. So, he did not press for any more information or details about Sivasankar and his family. They soon reached the outskirts of Morayur. Marudappa saw someone dragging a buffalo. The ageing animal was resisting ■ walk – especially the climb ahead. He asked the cartman to stop. "What's this, Narayana!" he reprimanded the man. "Why are you dragging the animal? Can't you see it can't walk? Do you know what Sivasankar will do if he were to see you? "



only doing what my master had asked me to," said the man. "He wanted me to take this old buffalo to the hills and leave him there. He does not want to spend on its food any longer."

"What a pity!" remarked Marudappa. "The buffalo had toiled for him all these years. When it became old and useless, is it proper or fair to drive him away to death? Narayana, you take the animal to my shed and tie it there."

The man took the animal to Marudappa's house.

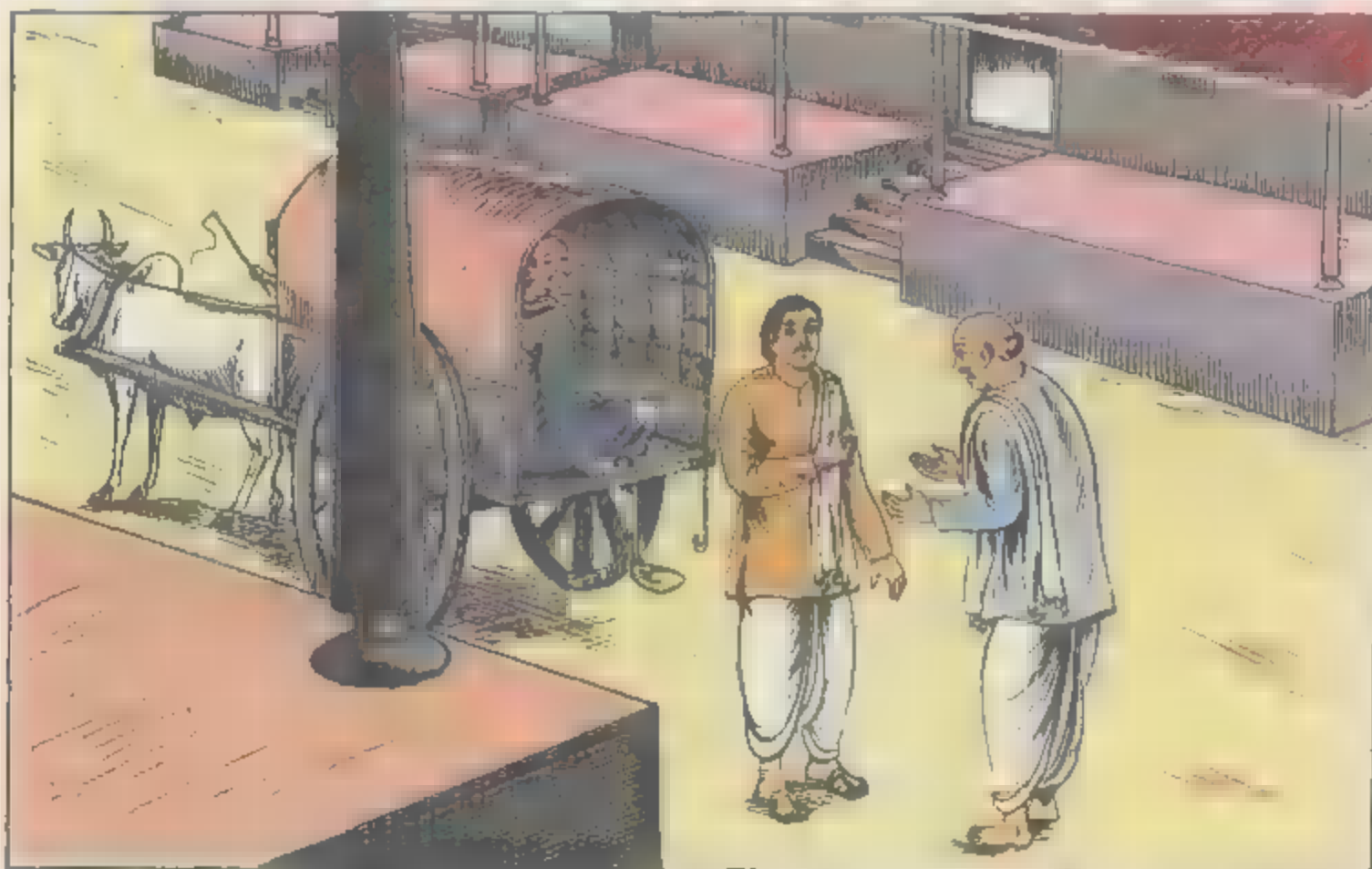
Marudappa stopped the cart in front of his house. Before he could get down, an old man who was wait-

ing for him in the porch ran to him. "Marudappa! My sons have driven me out of their house!" he wailed. "I don't have any other place to go than your house!"

"This is *your* house," Marudappa pacified him. "You need not go anywhere else. Do stay with me, you're welcome!"

All the while, Manikkam was sitting in the cart and listening to their conversation. "Come on, my friend," Marudappa invited him home. "Please rest for a while before you proceed to Sivasankar's place. This gentleman is Sivasankar's father. He's his eldest son."

Manikkam got down and fol-





lowed Marudappa. As soon as they entered the house, his son rushed to him. "Oh! You've arrived, father!" he said, affectionately. "Was the river flooded? Did you have to walk a long distance? How was the journey?"

"Yes, the river was in spate, but I didn't attempt walking, so I hired a cart and came," Marudappa replied patting the young man. "We've a guest, go and bring some buttermilk," he added, pointing at Manikkam.

"Yes, father, I shall," replied the youth. "Did you see uncle? He was waiting for you. It appears he has been driven out by his sons. Let him stay with us, can't he?"

"Of course, he'll stay with us," Marudappa assured his son. "Now, go and get buttermilk for all of us."

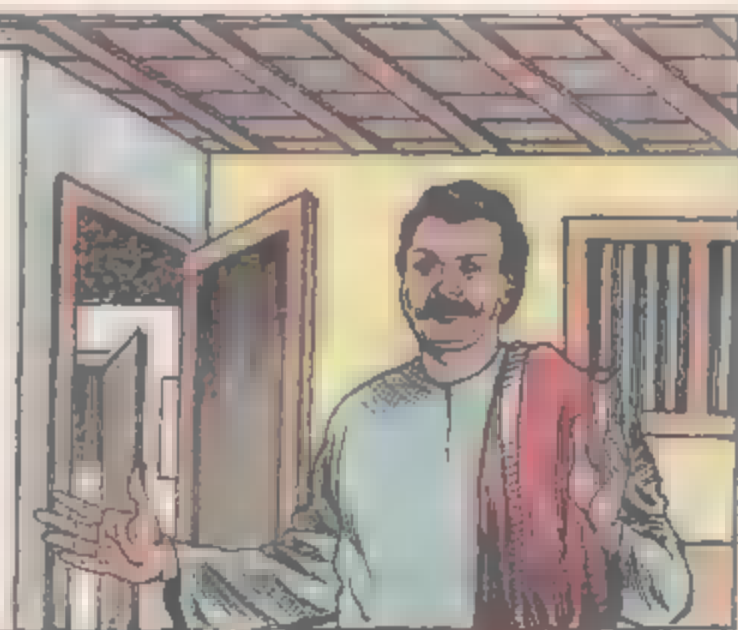
By the time he came back with the drink, Manikkam had called the

cartman. "Muruga! Wait here for some time and we shall go back to our place. I don't want to meet Sivasankar. I think I've already found a suitable match for my daughter."

Marudappa looked at him, surprised.

"How can I send my daughter to a place which has discarded my old father and my ageing cow?" said Manikkam. "Where's the guarantee that she may also not be sent away once she became old? I took Sivasankar to be of the same status as mine. I never knew he is so stone-hearted and arrogant. An affectionate and loyal family like yours is more dependable than a wealthy family like Sivasankar's. So, Marudappa, I've decided to give away my daughter to your son. She'll lead a happy and peaceful life in your family."





## SUPERSTITION

Satyapal was a conceited fellow. That was because he had a feeling that he was a man of knowledge. One day, his uncle, Dhanapal, came to see him. "Satya, you pose as if you have a lot of knowledge. Could I ask you something?" said Dhanapal. "Someone told me that if you were to apply the juice from the bark of the tamarind tree on your forehead and simultaneously chant a *mantra*, you will come to know where to dig for treasure. Is it true?"

The man laughed aloud. "Who told you this cock-and-bull story?" Satyapal asked of his uncle. "You shouldn't believe in *tantra* and *mantra* and things like that. Some superstitious people must have told you all this nonsense!"

"It was nobody else, but my daughter Kamala who gave me this information," Dhanapal explained. "She not only believes in such things,

but tries to convince others, too."

Of course, Satyapal knew his cousin, Kamala, very well. He was also aware that his uncle was trying to get her married to him. Once Dhanapal had gone to him with a proposal, but Satyapal rejected it on the plea that the girl was a dunce, as he had gathered from his conversation with her. "Don't worry, uncle," he now tried to console Dhanapal. "Some people are born idiots; we've to be reconciled to all that."

"But Kamala is not a dunce from birth," Dhanapal tried to argue. "Somehow or other she believed this story. She might change her view if someone were to convince her of the truth."

Satyapal thought that his uncle was throwing a challenge – that he should try to convince her it was just superstition. Anyway, he decided to make a try by talking to her. He went



along with his uncle.

At his uncle's house, he met Kamala and put some questions to her by way of test. And she answered all of them correctly, much to the surprise of Satyapal, who now discovered that the girl knew most of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, and that she was quite good with numbers. But he kept his discovery to himself and did not reveal it to his uncle.

"Mere knowledge gathered from books is not sufficient, Kamala," he advised his cousin. "You must acquire a little practical knowledge also. Only then can you avoid being a slave to superstitions. That's your

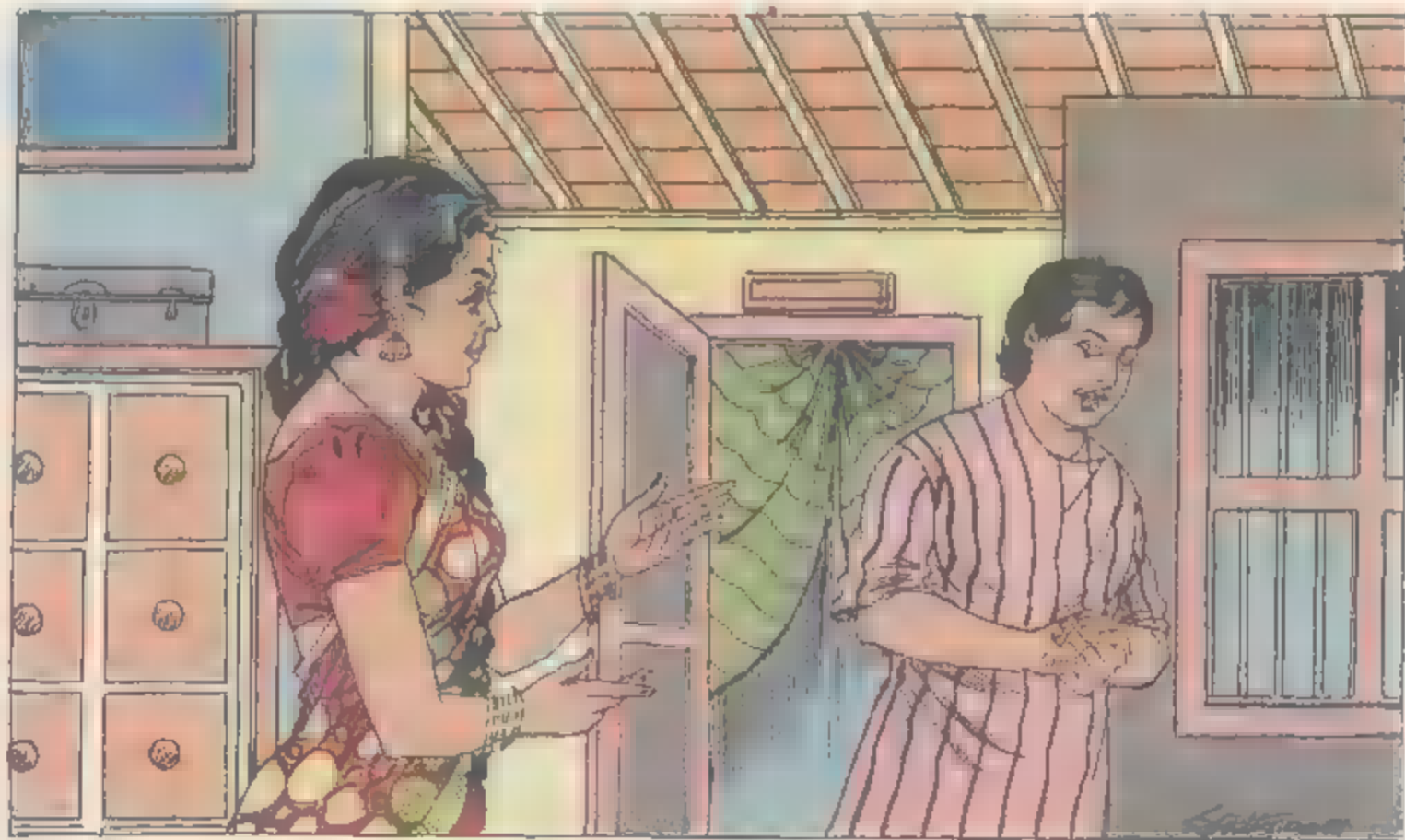
only weakness."

"What do you mean, brother?" Kamala was perplexed. "I'm not a slave to any superstition!"

Satyapal repeated his uncle's query about the juice from the bark of tamarind. "Do you believe that by applying it on one's forehead one can come upon a treasure?"

"Oh, that?" Kamala laughed. "It's true, I had told my father about that. But I had heard it from my friend Sita. And she doesn't tell lies. She was married a year ago and it was her husband who told this to her. What will a husband gain by telling a lie to his wife?"

"If there are simpletons like you,

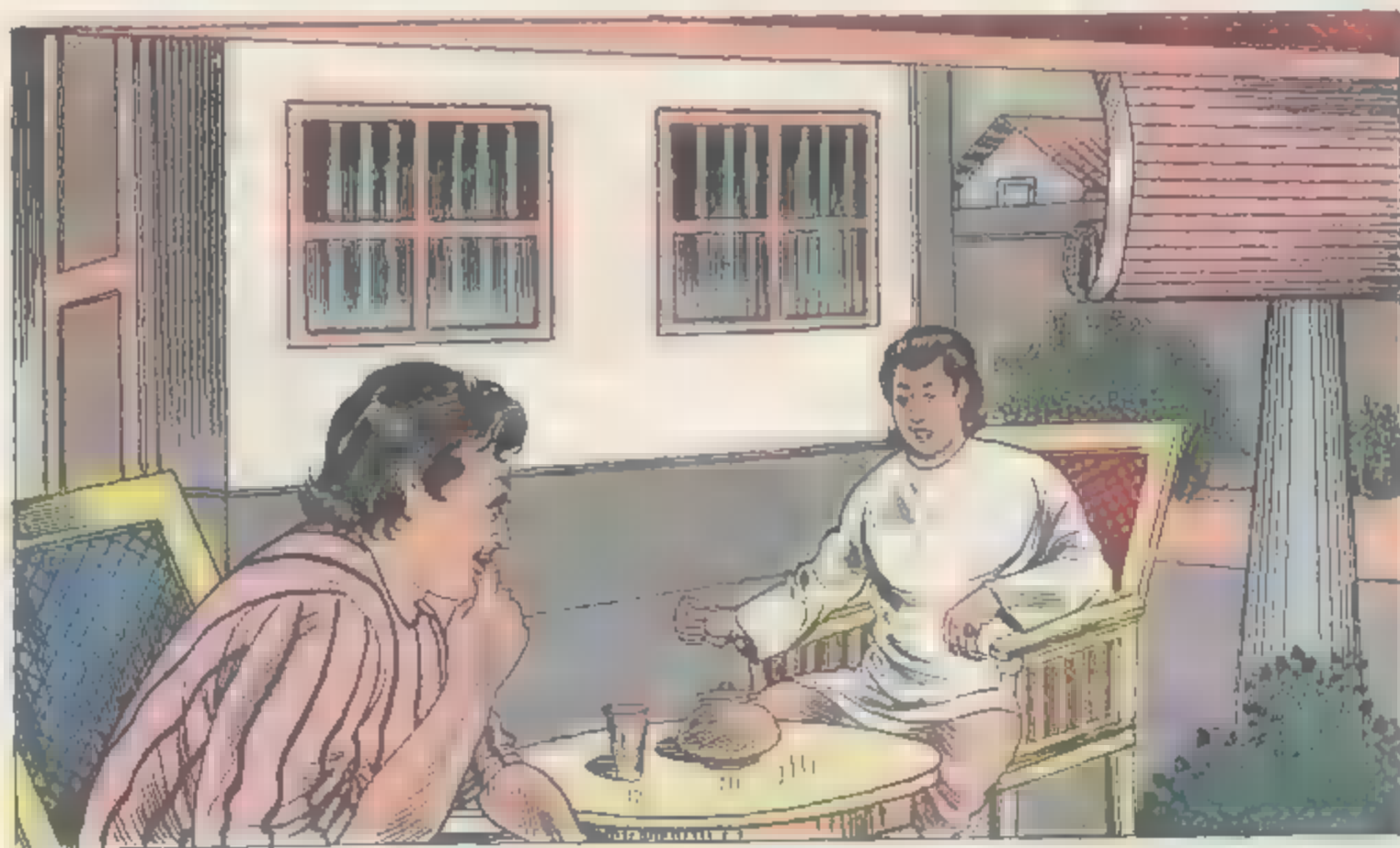


Kamala," remarked Satyapal, "they'll believe all that their husbands tell them. They won't try to find out whether it is true or not. Sita appears to be a match for you. However, what more do you know about the juice from tamarind?" He now appeared curious.

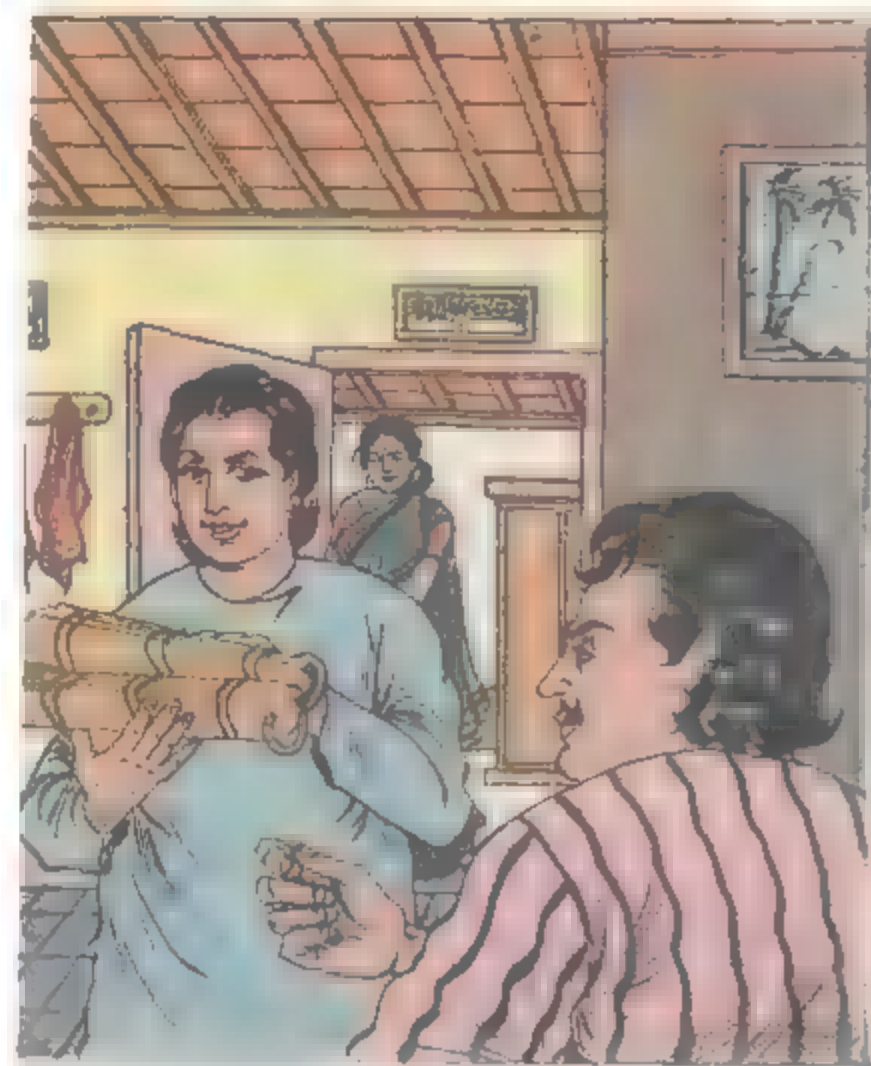
"Whatever I said about tamarind is true. You may check up with Sita's husband," said Kamala, emphatically. "Shall I give you their address?" On getting a nod from Satyapal, she told him where her friend and husband stayed.

Satyapal then went to meet Sita's husband, to whom he repeated his question. "That's right. You must

apply the juice on your forehead and chant ■ *mantra*," the man explained. "The *mantra* has eight stanzas and you must chant them in a certain order and without omitting any stanza. Only then will it have all the effect. Otherwise, the exercises will be futile. I must tell you something equally important. This exercise should be done only by women. My wife, Sita, did it once, and she became aware of some gold coins hidden in a particular place. The details of the treasure remained with Sita only for an hour and within that time she collected some coins from the place specified. If it had been any other woman, she would have







searched for more treasure elsewhere also! Unfortunately, Sita was so overwhelmed by her find that she tripped while chanting the concluding stanza. It will now take years for her to remember the stanzas or their order."

"Why so much time?" asked Satyapal.

"Ah! That's what we also thought at first," said Sita's husband. "But your cousin, Kamala, managed to calculate the correct order of the stanzas. Moreover, the *mantra* has to be chanted on a new moon night. And as you know, there are only twelve new moon nights in a year. If

we are lucky, we can get the whole thing by heart in about a year."

"Would you please give me the eight *slokas*?" Satyapal requested Sita's husband. "I shall try to put them in the proper order."

The man went inside, brought a few palm leaves, and then wrote down the stanzas on them. Satyapal thanked him and straight away went to his uncle's house. He found Kamala quite excited. "Brother, it appears cowdung can be converted into gold pellets just by chanting a *mantra*!" she said without an introduction. "One of my friends told me this."

"Do you know that *mantra*?" asked Satyapal, curiously.

"Brother, why do you ask?" said Kamala, casually. "You don't believe in superstitions and *mantras* and *tantras*. Then, why are you anxious to know that *mantra*?"

"Nobody is certain when he'll be blessed by Fortune," said Satyapal. "I don't want to miss an opportunity, if I am willed to be blessed by Fortune."

"All right, let me go and get it from her" said Kamala, as she rushed to her friend's place. She soon came back. "This is how it is done: Collect cowdung and make flat cakes of it and allow them to dry in the sun,"



she explained. "Use the cakes for the *homam*, and the holy ash should be smeared all over one's body. You must then get into a river and while taking a dip, chant the *mantra* aloud. Whatever ash is left on the body would then turn into gold. It appears this is the usual way to make gold. Is it true, brother?"

"We need not bother about all that, Kamala," said Satyapal. "I would get busy with the cowdung; you try the *mantra* with the tamarind juice."

"I'm not a fool to waste time on all such exercises!" said Kamala, disgustedly. "By merely believing, I don't lose anything, brother!" answered Kamala. "And I won't be bothered later. My time is precious,

and I would like to devote it for reading books."

Now Satyapal realised that Kamala was more intelligent than himself. He regretted that he had turned down her father's proposal to give her in marriage to him. "I'm sorry, Kamala," said Satyapal, with a tinge of remorse in his voice. "I was conceited that I am more knowledgeable than you. In fact, I realise that I know very little, compared to your wisdom and intelligence. I wish I could marry you. Will you accept me as your husband?"

"I can't give you an answer rightaway," said Kamala, coyly. "I shall give my reply to my father."

Dhanapal celebrated their wedding on the first auspicious day.

**Mother's love is the cream of love**

**Eggs and oath are easily broken**



## It all began with a fight

**H**e could have become a great musician; or a well-known theologian. But he chose service to humanity—especially towards the less fortunate brethren. But that took him to greater heights, winning for him the Nobel Peace Prize.

Albert Schweitzer (1875-1965) was the youngest child of a Pastor in a village called Gunsbach, of Alsace which was part of Germany before World War I. Albert's decision to become a benefactor of humanity was made when he was a school boy. His close friend was George Nitschelm. They would go to school together; would play together. One day, George claimed he was stronger than Albert and challenged his friend to a fight. It ended with George being knocked off his feet, and Albert sitting across his chest. "You win!" George conceded defeat, but added, "You wouldn't have won, if I too had good broth for supper twice a week, like you do!"

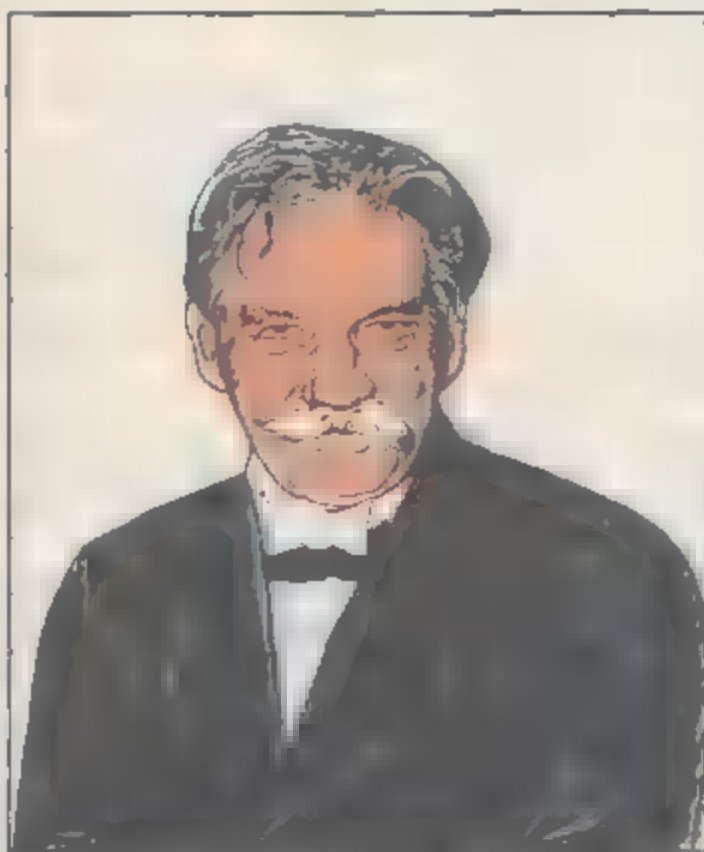
That evening, the Schweitzer family had broth for supper. As Albert sat before the plate, George's words

came back to him again and again. He pushed back his plate. He took a decision: he would not be different from other village boys any more. When the weather grew cold, he would not wear his overcoat, because his friends did not have any or could not afford one. He went about in clothes like what his friends wore. His parents were shocked. They pleaded with him, threatened him, even punished him, but he would not change his decision. They could not understand why he was behaving like that.

When he was only five, he had his first lessons on the piano. He read music notations more easily than his school books! Three years later, he wanted to switch over to playing organ; his parents agreed. When he was eighteen, a well-known organist heard him and invited him to be his disciple. Meanwhile, he had enrolled himself to study theology. During his studies, he was bothered by certain doubts about Jesus Christ and Christianity. His teachers were unable to clear his doubts. He then went about find-

ing the answers himself and brought them out in the shape of a book, *"The Quest of the Historical Jesus"*. It appeared in print in 1991. Those friends who had an opportunity to read the manuscript warned him that it might shake the people's faith in the Gospels. "Faith which refuses to face facts is no faith at all," countered Schweitzer. When it ultimately came out, the book raised some controversy. After he took his degree, he was ordained. He was appointed curate in a church. As a theologian, he earned great respect and admiration. He was only 28, when he was offered the Principalship of a Theological College.

He had hardly worked as Principal for a year when an announcement caught his attention. Doctors were needed for Congo, in Africa, to work among the poor natives stricken with various diseases. He decided he must go to Africa. But he was no doctor. He resigned his



college job and joined a medical school and qualified in six years. The Missionary Society was at first reluctant to accept him for work in Africa. They doubted his faith in Christianity. So, he began collecting enough money to build and run his own hospital. He gave concerts, and approached friends for money which they gladly gave him.

Meanwhile, he also studied tropical medicine. He then set out for Africa and established his hospital in Lambarene. He was the first doctor in Africa to use anaesthetics and this is how the natives described him: "He first kills the sick people, then he

cures them, and then he wakes them up!"

In 1952, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his services to humanity. Though his friends in Europe urged him to return, he replied, "They need me here." He died in 1965 and was buried in Lambarene.





### Omen - good or bad?

Once upon a time, the kingdom of Indrapuri was ruled by Induvarma. He liked hunting and would go to the forests for adventure at least twice a month. Once, he was busy with some administrative problems and for six months he could not go out of the palace at all. Once he was free from the work that tied him to the capital, he chose a good day to set out for the forests. He mounted his favourite horse and rode on it, escorted by a hundred soldiers. They had hardly come out of the palace gates when the king saw a woodcutter, with his axe resting on his shoulders, coming from the opposite direction.

Induvarma stopped him. "You fool! It's after a long time that I set out for a hunt, and you couldn't find another time to cross my way?" he reprimanded the woodcutter. "Mind you, if I don't get any game and have

to return empty-handed, that'll be the end of your existence on this earth. It'll then be a bad omen for you!" The king threatened him, angrily, before prompting his horse to proceed.

Mallayya cursed himself for having crossed the king's path. It would be only his fate if the king imposed the extreme punishment on him when he came back. So, he prayed that the king should have a successful hunt.

Fortunately, the king was lucky that day. He got plenty of game and attributed his success to the woodcutter with his axe! After all he had proved to be a good omen, and not a bad one.

Soon after he returned to the palace, Induvarma sent for the woodcutter. Mallayya stood before him, legs shaking, not certain what was in store for him. "When I started

today, you came my way and I got good game," said the king. "Tell me, how was *your* day? Did you get much wood from the forest?"

"Your majesty, it's all because you came my way that I was able to fell tall trees and collect a lot of wood which fetched me much more money than what I generally make in a day," replied Mallayya. "So, it was like a festival for my family. We prayed for your long life when we were eating our food."

The king was very happy on hearing that. He was about to speak, probably to announce a reward for the woodcutter, when the royal physician stood up. "Your majesty,

what he says is a lie," said the Raj Vaidya. "I had happened to go to the forest to collect some herbs, and I saw him lying unconscious. I treated him and saved his life. If I hadn't reached him in time, he wouldn't have been alive now."

"So you dared to tell a lie to me!" the king shouted at the woodcutter angrily. "If you don't tell me the truth, I shall have you skinned alive!"

Mallayya's legs were shaking once again. "As I trudged my way to the forest, I was all the while remembering what you told me in the morning, your majesty. The thought of receiving the extreme punishment from you was bothering me, and I





failed to notice that the tree I was trying to fell had a snake-pit next to it. I stepped on it while axing the tree and a snake came out of the hole and bit me on my leg. I remember falling down, not what happened later. When I regained consciousness, I saw the Raj Vaidya by my side. He had treated my wound, given me some medicines, and shifted me to the shade of a tree. He waited till I was fully conscious and then went away. When dusk came, I got up and returned home – empty-handed."

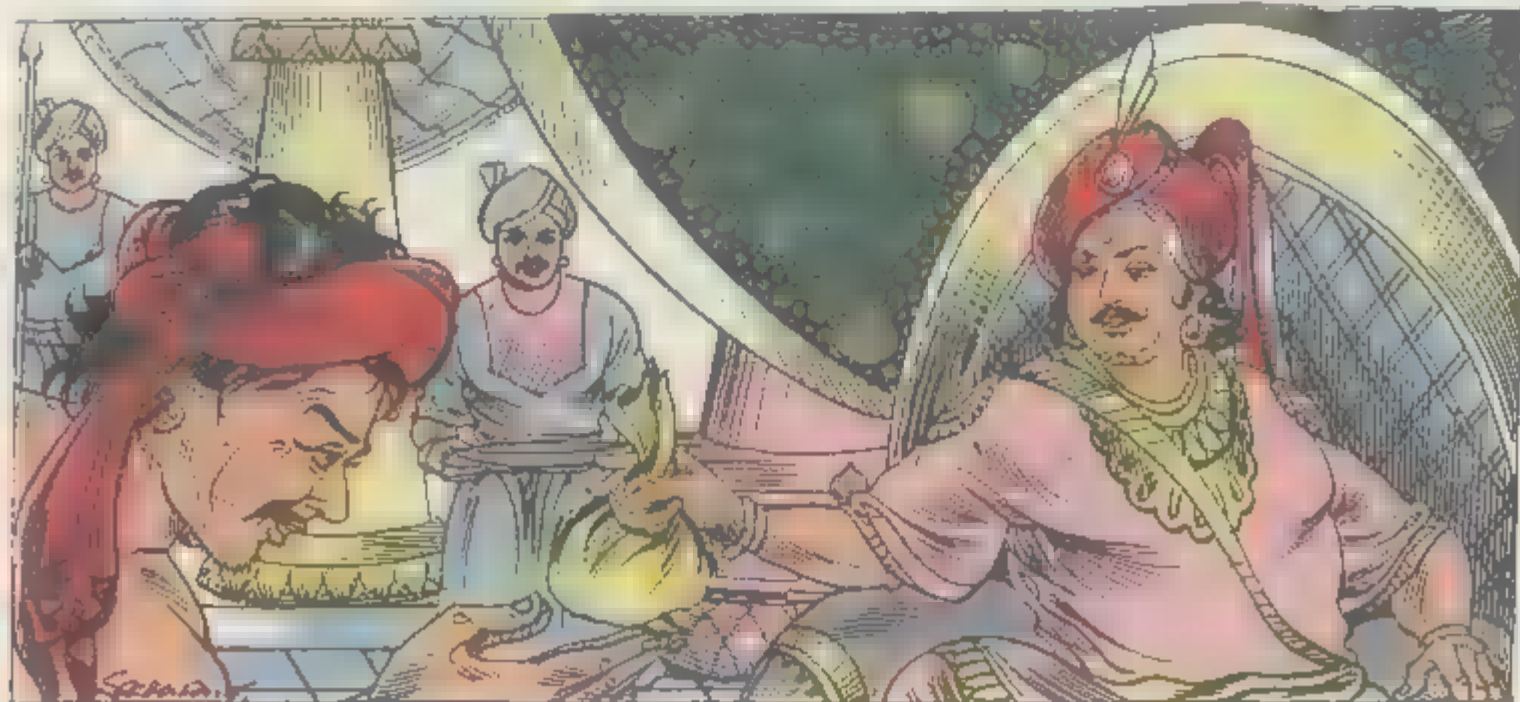
Induvarma listened to the woodcutter's story and felt pity for him. He cursed himself for considering his meeting with the woodcutter in the morning as a bad omen. He thought the Almighty had punished him for nursing such doubts about the woodcutter. "All right, but why did you tell me that you had a good day in the forest and that your family

had a happy time? Why did you lie to me?" asked the king, full of anxiety and curiosity.

"May be I was bitten by a snake for having crossed your way," said Mallayya. "At the same time, I had the fortune of being attended on and treated by none else than the Raj Vaidya. I didn't want to say that my meeting you was an ill-omen. That's why I lied to you that I had a good day in the forest."

King Induvarma was silent for a moment. 'Look at that! Instead of telling me that I was the cause for his being bitten by a snake, he was saying that his meeting me had resulted in his receiving treatment at the hands of the royal physician,' he thought to himself. 'He has saved my honour.'

The king not only gave Mallayya a bag of gold coins but gave him a job in the palace as well.





**What are lightning conductors?**

**- S.S. Diwaker, Hubli**

A flash of lightning produces enormous energy, which can cause destruction, especially to high-rise buildings. To avoid any disaster from lightning, these tall buildings are fitted with an electric conductor placed at the highest point of the building or on a specially erected tower. This will attract the lightning towards it and carry the energy released to the ground where it is discharged without causing any harm. These rods or cables through which the lightning passes are called conductors.

**When was vaccination used for the first time?**

**- R. Malathi, Vellore**

After nearly six crores of people in Europe died of smallpox in the 18th century, an English physician, Dr. Edward Jenner (1749-1823), pioneered vaccination. It was believed that cowpox transmitted from cattle to human beings through sores on the udders during milking could prevent smallpox. Jenner did research on this and injected an 8-year-old boy with cowpox which produced a mild illness. Later, he injected him with smallpox which he successfully resisted. The injecting material caused formation of antibodies and resulted in immunity. This was in May 1796.

**When we listen to our own voice on the tape, it sounds different. Why?**

**- Vinod Sharma, Kanpur**

When we talk, the sound is carried through the bones of our head; and we hear something like a sound made in an empty room. When we hear our voice on tape, our voice is carried only through air. That is how other people hear our voice.



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